



SWING SISSON



POISON IVY



BIG TOP



ROSCOE



SHENANIGAN

FEATURE

COMICS



NOVEMBER
No. 116

The DOLL MAN

10¢

matches fists with
ELBOWS!



BLIMPIE



LALA PALOOZA



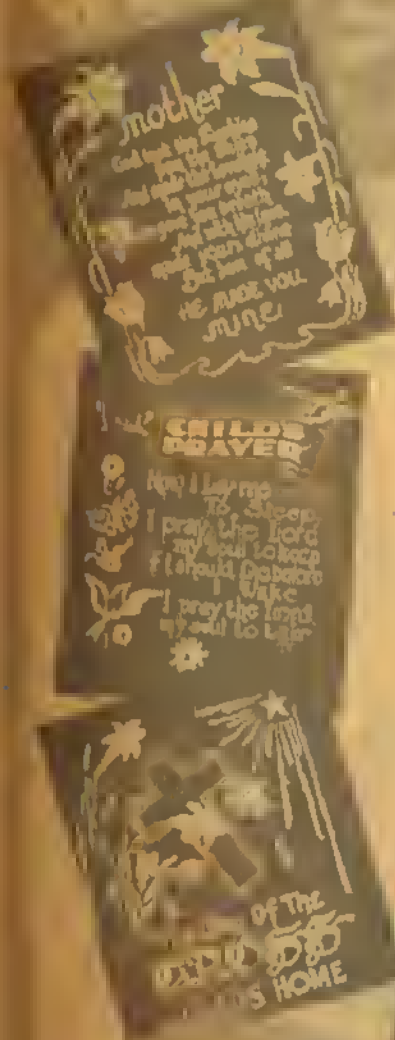
RUSTY RYAN



PERKY



[illegible]



SEND US NO MONEY IN ADVANCE

Just write and ask us to send you 40 of these beautiful glittering mottos which the public likes so well. Sell them easily and quickly to your friends and neighbors for only 35¢ each. At the end of 14 days send back, if you wish, all mottos you have not sold, and send us only 25¢ for each you have sold. You keep all the rest of the money.

IF YOU SELL 25, YOU KEEP \$2.⁵⁰

IF YOU SELL 30, YOU KEEP \$3.⁰⁰

IF YOU SELL ALL 40 YOU KEEP \$4.⁰⁰

REMEMBER: No money is needed in advance. You take no risks. You can return all the mottos you do not sell. You do not pay shipping costs or split your commission. You keep all the profit on each sale.



The DOLL MAN



M.D.!

The magic initials which stand for Doctor of Medicine! No one can reckon how much those initials mean in terms of self-sacrifice, courage, and unswerving devotion to the art of healing!

This is the story of Roy Evans, M.D., and of the exciting part

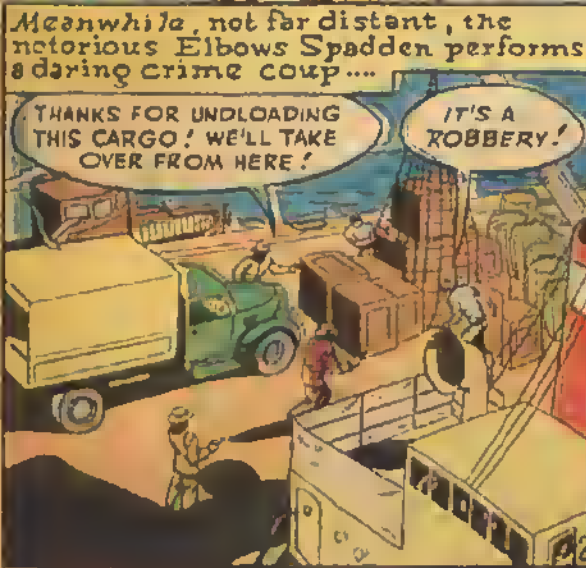
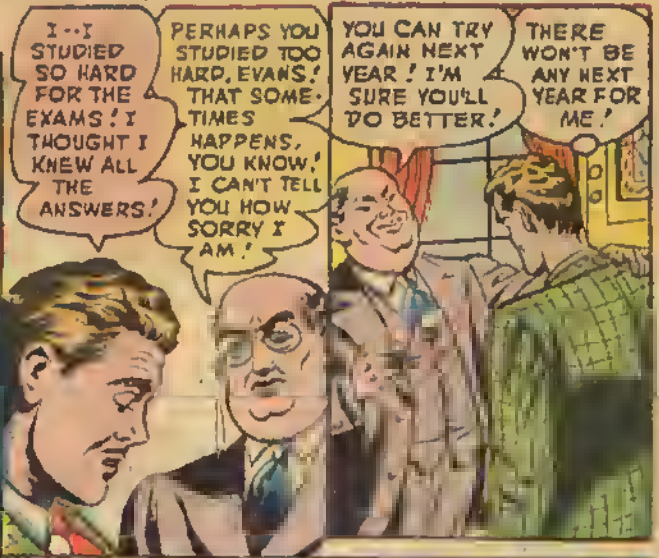
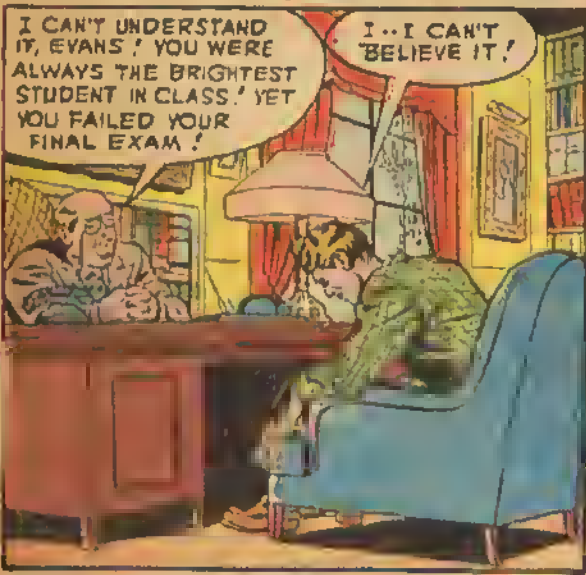
The Doll Man,

world's mightiest mite, played in making his dream come true... and of a ruffian called

ELBOWS!

FEATURE COMICS

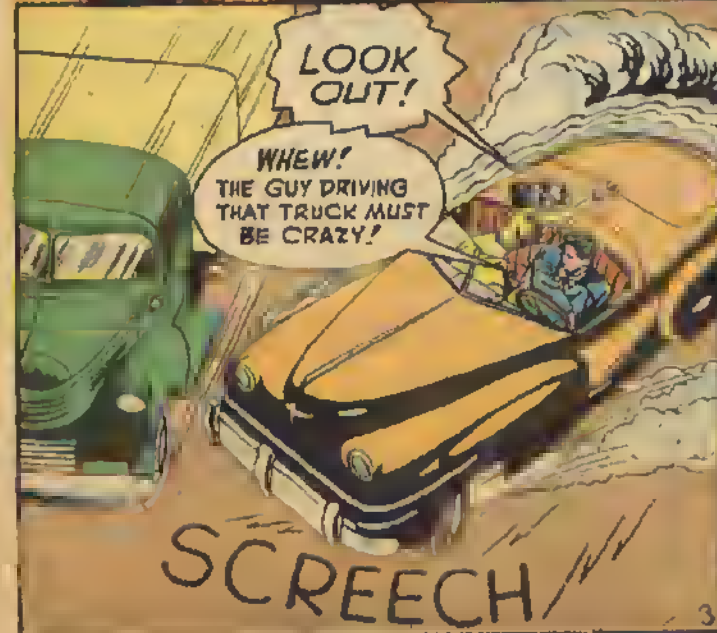
At State University's medical school....

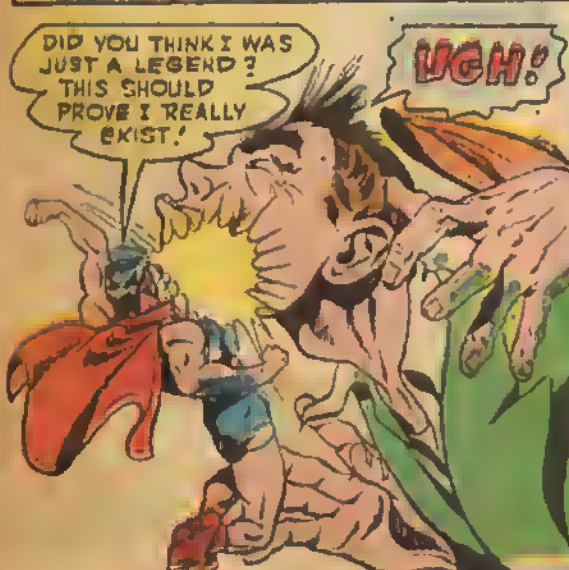
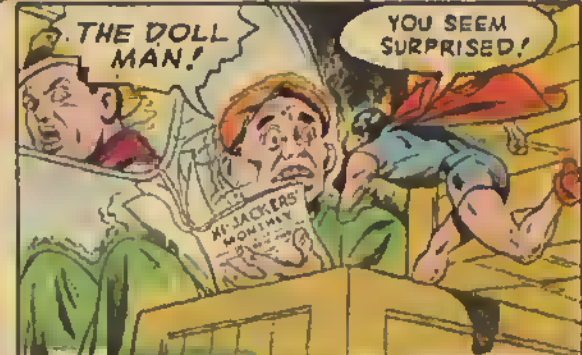
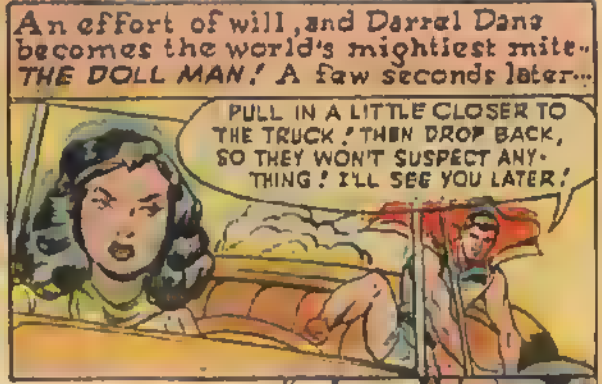
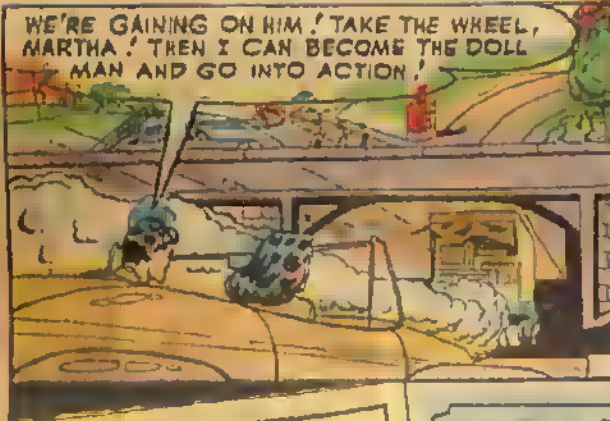


FEATURE COMICS

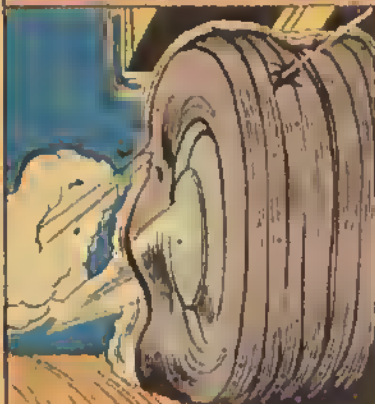


At that moment, Darrel Dane and his fiancée, Martha Roberts, approach the scene! Darrel Dane is actually **THE DOLL MAN**, but only Martha and her father, Doctor Roberts, know his secret! Unaware of what lies ahead....



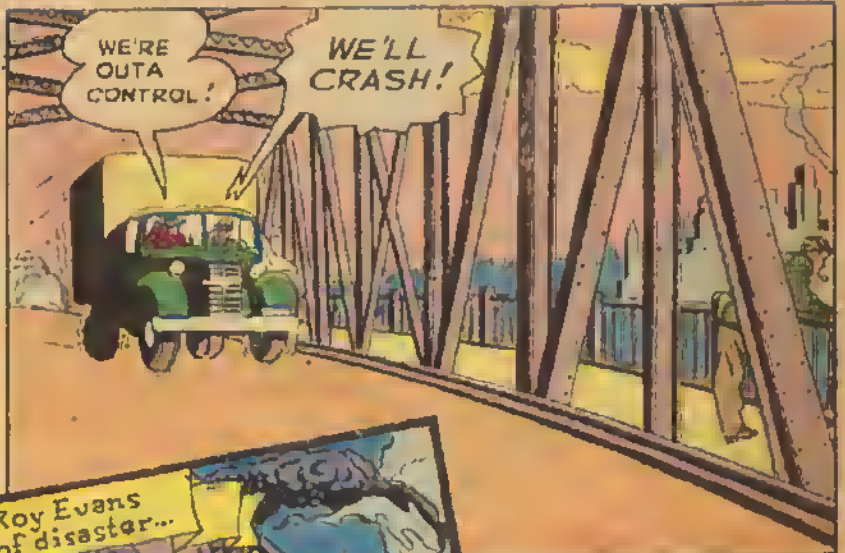


The wayward bullet blows out one of the truck's rear tires...



WE'RE
OUTA
CONTROL!

WE'LL
CRASH!



As fate would have it, Roy Evans is present at the scene of disaster...

CRASSH!



GET ME...
OUTA HERE!
I FEEL ALL
BROKEN UP...
INSIDE...

THE TRUCK'S
ON FIRE!

SOMEBODY'S
CERTAIN TO BE
HURT IN THAT
WRECK!

I'LL
TRY TO
SAVE THE
OTHERS!

NEVER MIND
THEM! THE COPS
WILL BE HERE ANY
SECOND! ME AN'
LOUIE GOTTA LAM
IN A HURRY! AND
YOU'RE GONNA
HELP US!

BUT..BUT
WHAT CAN I
DO?

HERE COMES
A CAR! FLAG
IT DOWN! THEN
I'LL TELL YOU
WHAT TO DO
NEXT!

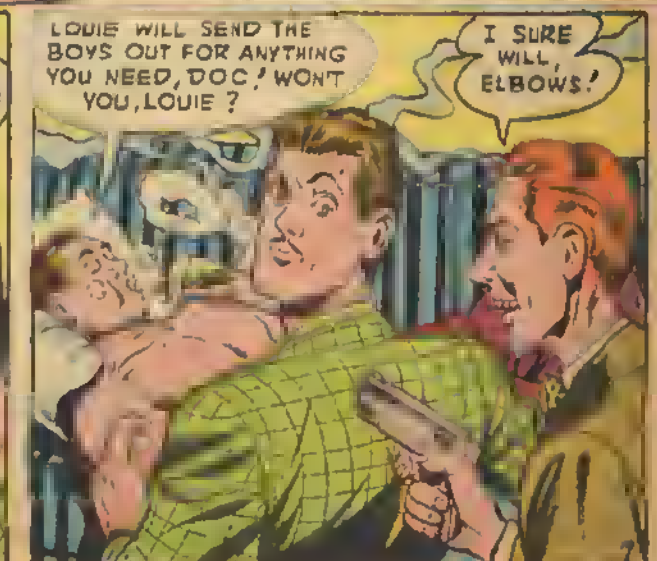
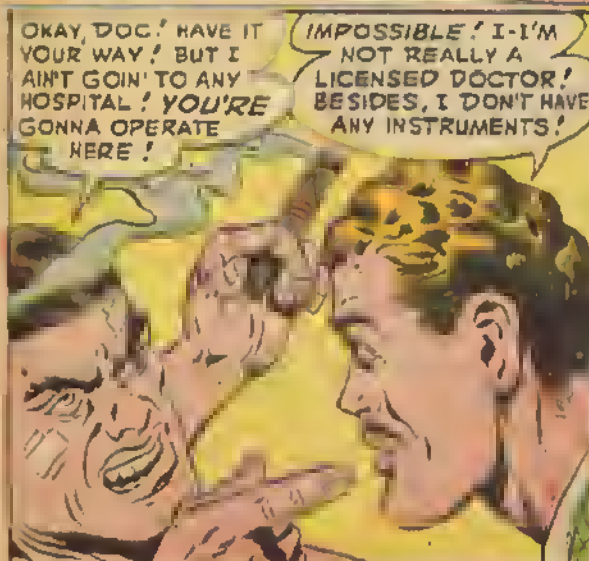
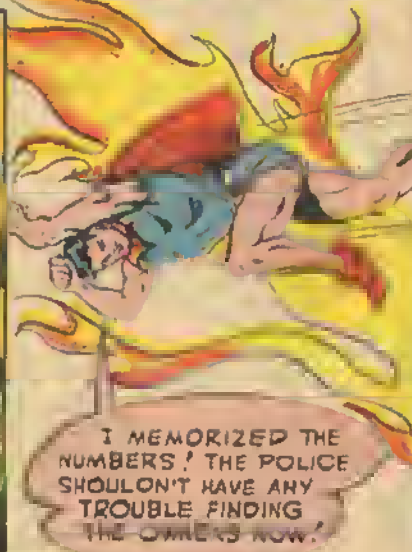
THE DOLL MAN WAS
IN THAT TRUCK! I
MUST FIND OUT IF
HE'S ALL RIGHT!

STOP!

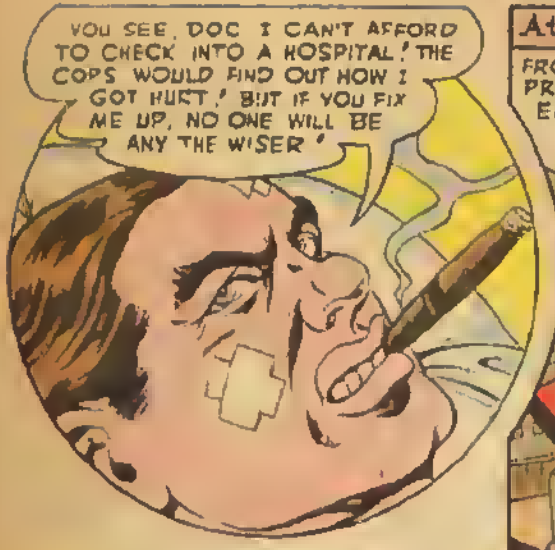




FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



THE DOLL MAN'S GOING TO MAKE A THOROUGH SEARCH OF THAT WHOLE AREA! HE'S GOT AN UNFINISHED ACCOUNT TO SETTLE WITH ELBOWS SPADDEN!



At Elbows Spadden's apartment...

IT'S ALL OVER! YOU CAN COME IN NOW!

YA MEAN ELBOWS IS...



HE COULDN'T BE BETTER! IN A FEW DAYS HE'LL BE ON HIS FEET AGAIN!

YEAH, THE DOC KNOWS HIS BUSINESS! THE OPERATION WAS A SUCCESS!



FROM NOW ON, YOU'RE WORKIN' WITH US, DOC! YOU'LL BE A REGULAR MEMBER OF THE GANG!

ON THE DAY I WAS TOLD I COULDN'T BE A DOCTOR, I OPERATED TO SAVE A MAN'S LIFE! FATE PLAYS FUNNY TRICKS! I GOT MY CHANCE TO PRACTICE MEDICINE, AFTER ALL!



IS IT A DEAL, DOC?

SURE, I... WHAT'S THAT?



Moments later....

I FOUND THIS COP SNOOPING AROUND IN THE HALL, ELBOWS! I PUT A COUPLE OF SLUGS INTO HIM!

THEY MUST'VE PICKED UP OUR TRAIL FROM THAT @#xx!!&: DAME'S CAR WE LEFT BEHIND!



THIS PLACE'LL BE SWARMING WITH COPS IN A FEW MINUTES! WE'VE GOTTA BLOW!

I CAN'T LEAVE! THIS MAN IS DYING!



FEATURE COMICS





...NOW I PUT YOU TO SLEEP!



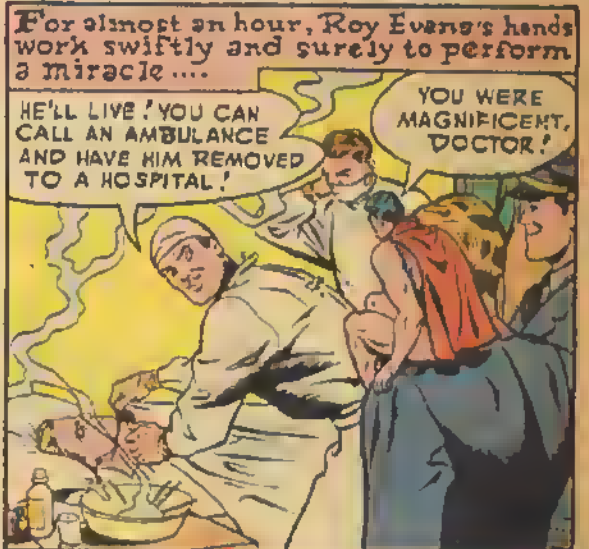
SAY, WHAT'S GOING ON HERE?

YOU'RE JUST IN TIME TO PICK UP THE PIECES OF ELBOW SPADEN'S MOB!



HARDIN'S BEEN SHOT! HE WAS WITH THE PATROL SEARCHING THIS AREA!

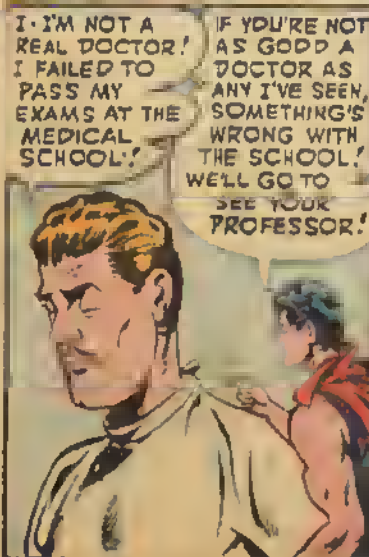
THE POOR FELLOW HAS ONE CHANCE IN A HUNDRED! BUT HE WON'T HAVE ANY CHANCE, UNLESS I ACT QUICKLY! I'M GOING TO OPERATE!



For almost an hour, Roy Evans's hands work swiftly and surely to perform a miracle...

HE'LL LIVE! YOU CAN CALL AN AMBULANCE AND HAVE HIM REMOVED TO A HOSPITAL!

YOU WERE MAGNIFICENT, DOCTOR!



I-I'M NOT A REAL DOCTOR! I FAILED TO PASS MY EXAMS AT THE MEDICAL SCHOOL!

IF YOU'RE NOT AS GOOD A DOCTOR AS ANY I'VE SEEN, SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH THE SCHOOL! WE'LL GO TO SEE YOUR PROFESSOR!



Later, introduced as the DOLL MAN'S friends, Darrel Done and Martha Roberts are with Roy Evans during a proud moment...

WE DISCOVERED OUR MISTAKE SHORTLY AFTER YOU LEFT, EVANS! YOUR EXAMINATION PAPERS WERE CONFUSED WITH ANOTHER STUDENT'S! WE TRIED FRANTICALLY TO REACH YOU.

GOLLY! ROY EVANS, M.D.!



IT'S A GREAT PROFESSION, ROY! AND I KNOW YOU'LL BE AN HONOR TO IT!

THANKS! BUT I OWE EVERYTHING TO MY FRIEND, THE DOLL MAN! HE'S A GREAT LITTLE GUY!

LALA PALOOZA

THE IDEA OF CHARGIN' ME INCOME TAX FOR THAT LITTLE BIT I EARNED IN THE POOL ROOM THE LAST FOUR YEARS!

DON'T WORRY, VINCE! YOU WAIT OUTSIDE; I KNOW HOW TO HANDLE THESE BIRDS!

YES, MY CLIENT PALOOZA, ISN'T REALLY RESPONSIBLE! HE'S THE ARTIST TYPE, YOU KNOW! HE HAS THE MIND OF A CHILD!

WELL, HE'S GONNA FACE SOME STIFF PENALTIES FOR NOT FILIN' A RETURN!

BUT HE'S INNOCENT OF ANY INTENTIONAL WRONG! REALLY, IF YOU ONLY KNEW HIM... THE MIND OF A CHILD, HONEST!

HMPF! THAT'S WHAT YOU SAY!

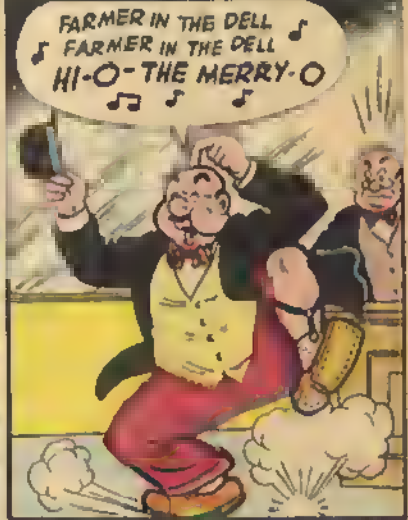
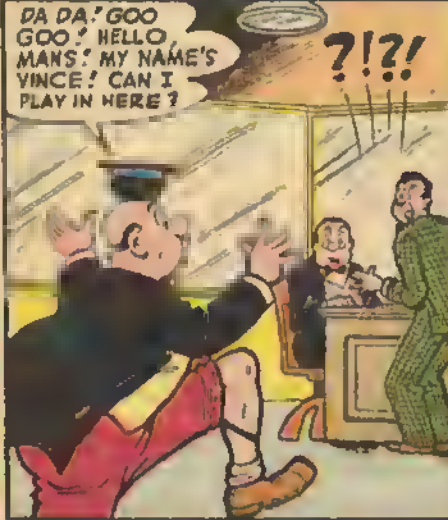


WHERE IS THIS CHARACTER, ANYWAY? I'D LIKE TO MEET HIM!

DA DA! GOO GOO! HELLO, MANS! MY NAME'S VINCE! CAN I PLAY IN HERE?

?!?!

FARMER IN THE DELL
FARMER IN THE DELL
HI-O-THE MERRY-O



BAM! BAM! G-MEN AND BAHK ROBBERS! I'LL GET 'EM ALL! WATCH! BAM! BAM!

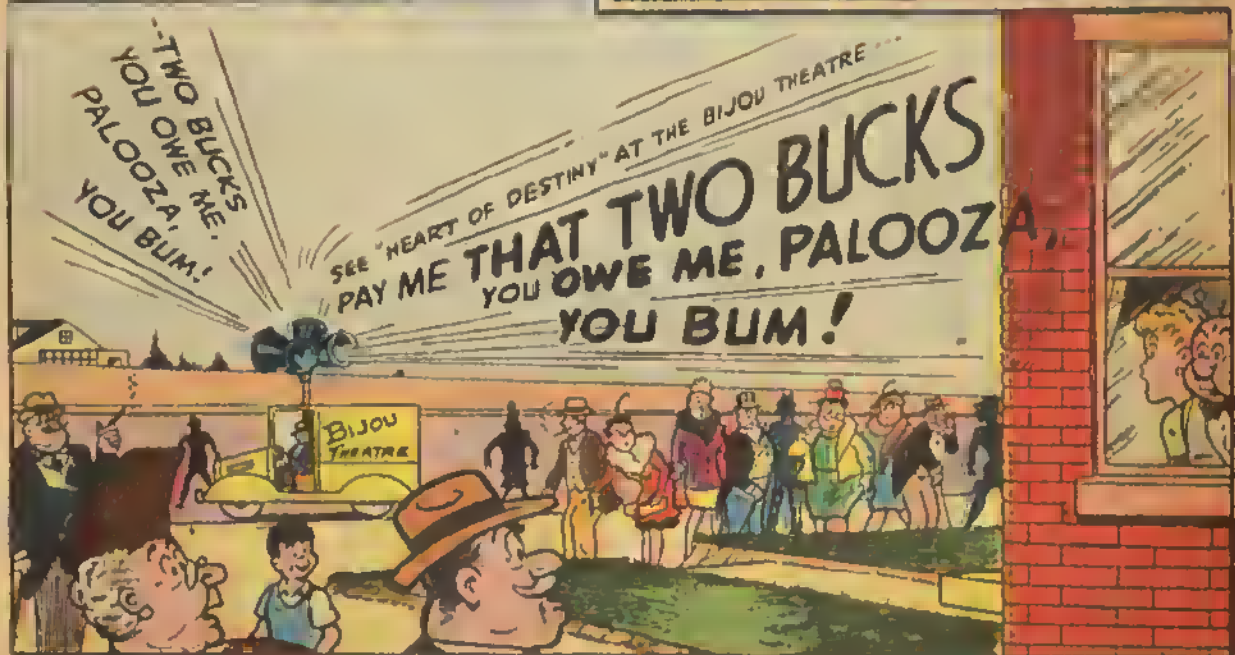
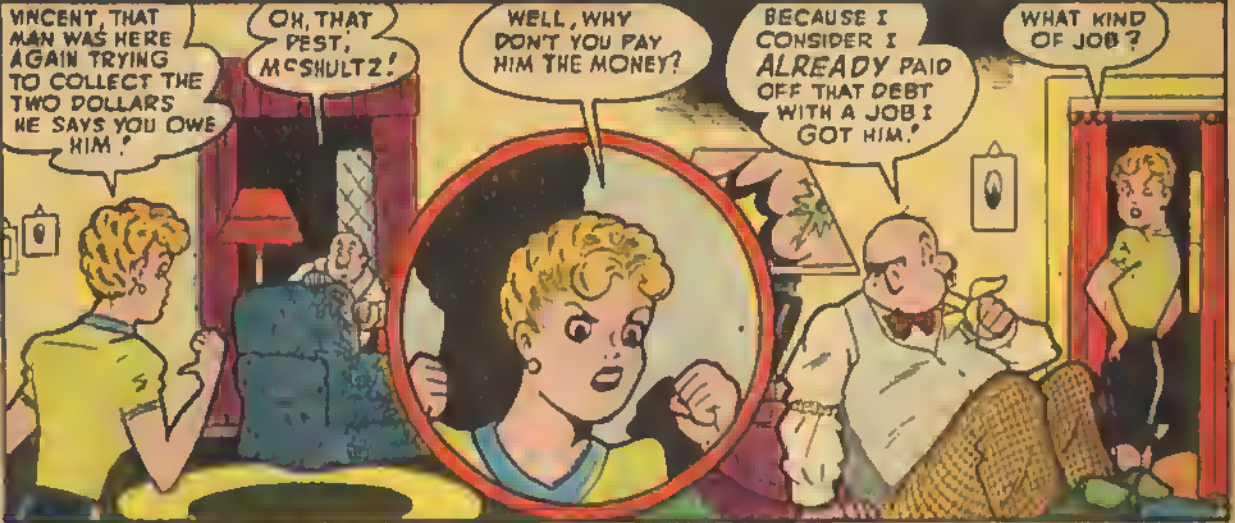
SEND CLANCY AND KELLY IN HERE QUICK! CALL THE POLICE!

FOOL! YOU DIDN'T HAVE TO OVERDO IT THAT MUCH!

NEVER MIND THE ALIBIS! NOW GET ME OUTTA THIS FIX!



LALA PALOOZA



Swing Sisson

Swing Sisson had a rival in the field of hot music.. and for a while things were really hot! THE JOINT WAS JUMPING WITH WEIRD WONDER!!



Audition hour at station ZXL...

HI, SWING! GONNA GO UP AGAINST ME FOR THIS RADIO SPOT? TOO BAD YOU DIDN'T BRING SOME MUSICIANS!

DON'T LISTEN TO HIM, SWING! HE'S SLIP MOMBONE, WHICH IS ENOUGH TO CONDEMN ANYBODY!



YOU'RE ON, SWING! REMEMBER, THE BEST BAND AT THIS AUDITION GETS THE MUSIC SPOT ON THE HAPPY HALL HOUR!

GET ON THE BEAT, FELLOWS!



WHAT'S WRONG? WE CAN'T BE THAT CORNY!

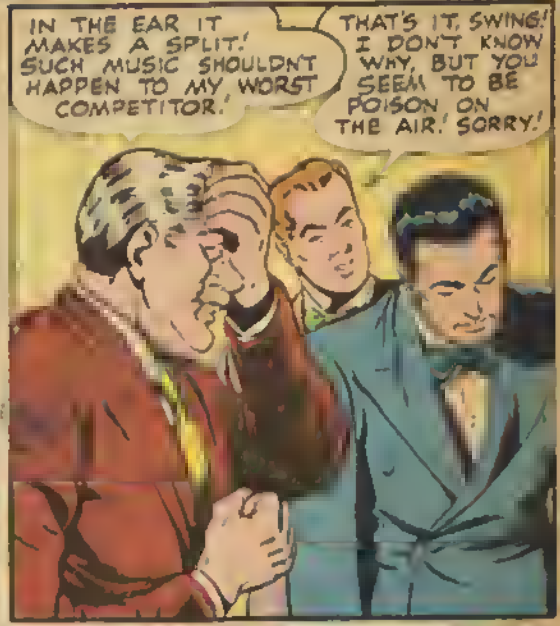


FEATURE COMICS



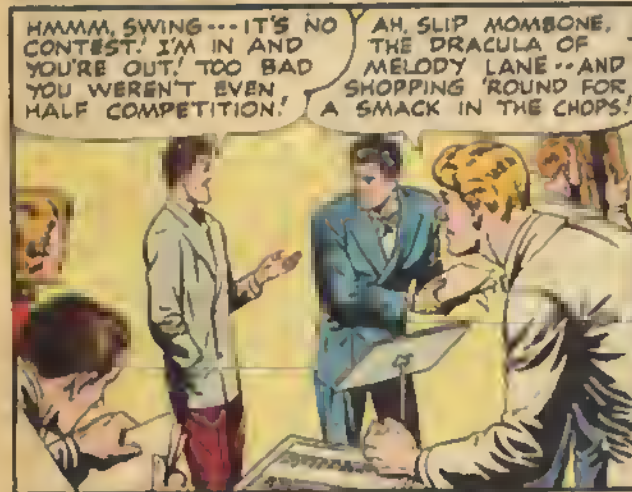
SWING! STOP!
CEASE! YOU'RE
KILLING US!

SAVE IT,
BOYS!



IN THE EAR IT
MAKES A SPLIT!
SUCH MUSIC SHOULDN'T
HAPPEN TO MY WORST
COMPETITOR!

THAT'S IT, SWING!
I DON'T KNOW
WHY, BUT YOU
SEEM TO BE
POISON ON
THE AIR! SORRY!



HMMM, SWING---IT'S NO
CONTEST! I'M IN AND
YOU'RE OUT! TOO BAD
YOU WEREN'T EVEN
HALF COMPETITION!

AH, SLIP MOMBONE,
THE DRACULA OF
MELODY LANE--AND
SHOPPING 'ROUND FOR
A SMACK IN THE CHOPS!



LEMME GO! JUST
THE FACT HE'S
HERE COULD
POISON MORE
THAN THE AIR!

TOO BAD YOU'RE
INTERFERING
BONNIE! BY THE
WAY, HOW ABOUT
JUMPING YOUR
JOB WITH THOSE
ORGAN GRINDERS
AND WORKING



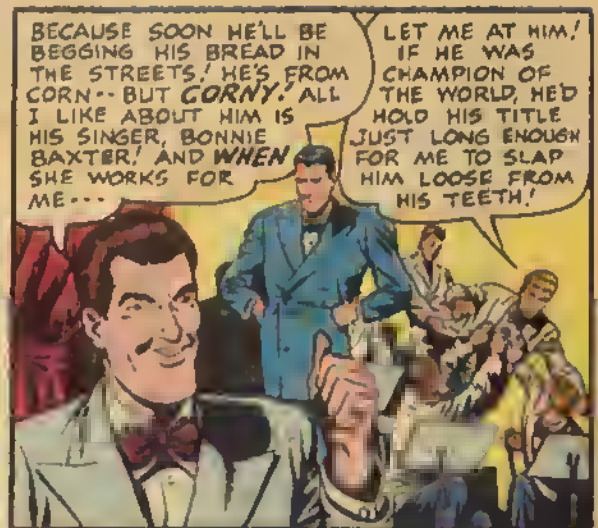
I'M SORRY FOR
THE CLUB, TOO!
WE'D HAVE
BROADCAST FROM
HERE--GIVEN OUR
BOSS A BREAK
HE COULD USE!

DON'T
WORRY
SWING,
TO ME,
YOU'RE STILL
THE BEST
BAND AND
RIGHTEST
GUYS IN
THE WORLD!
GET READY
FOR THE
SLIPPER
SHOW!

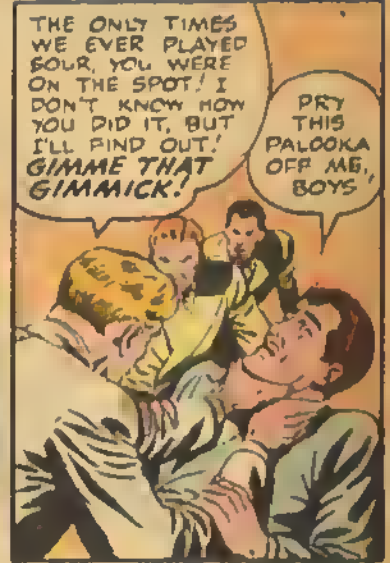
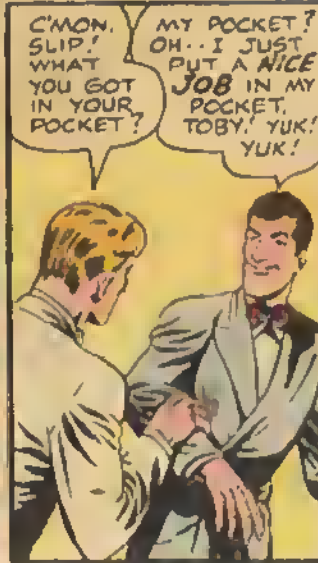


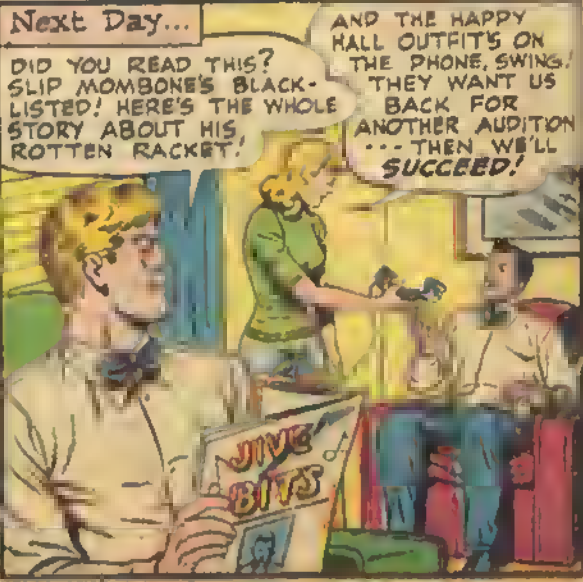
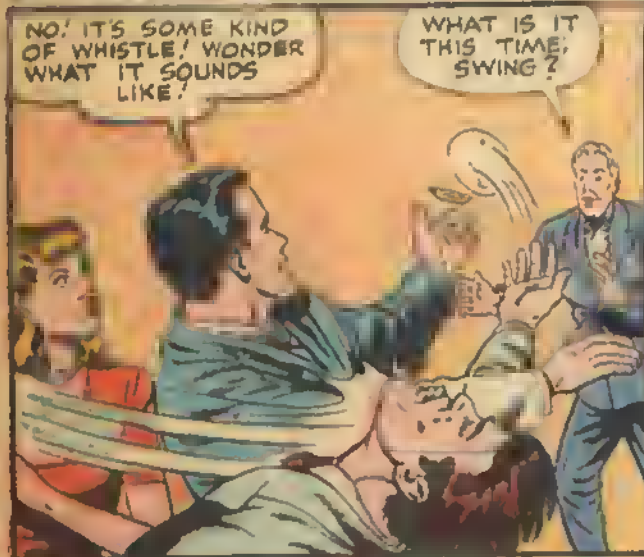
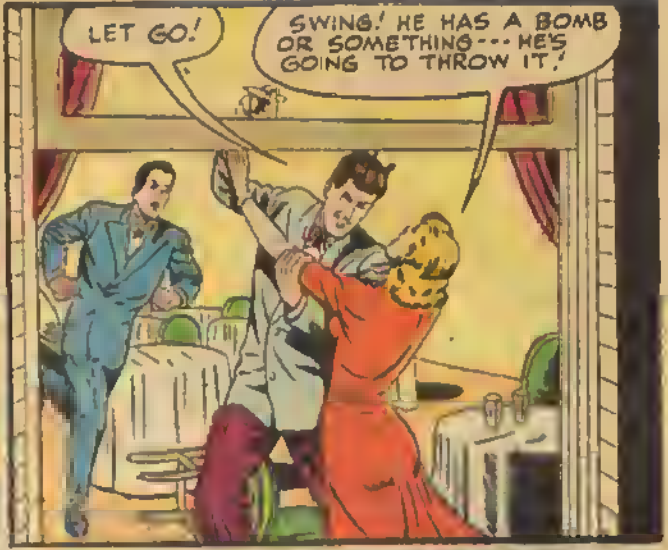
LOOK, SWING,
BUT DON'T
SCOWL! SLIP
MOMBONE'S
AT A
RINGSIDE
TABLE!

I'LL GIVE HIM A TREATMENT
HE'D NEVER UNDERSTAND---
INTRODUCE HIM AS A
CELEBRITY!

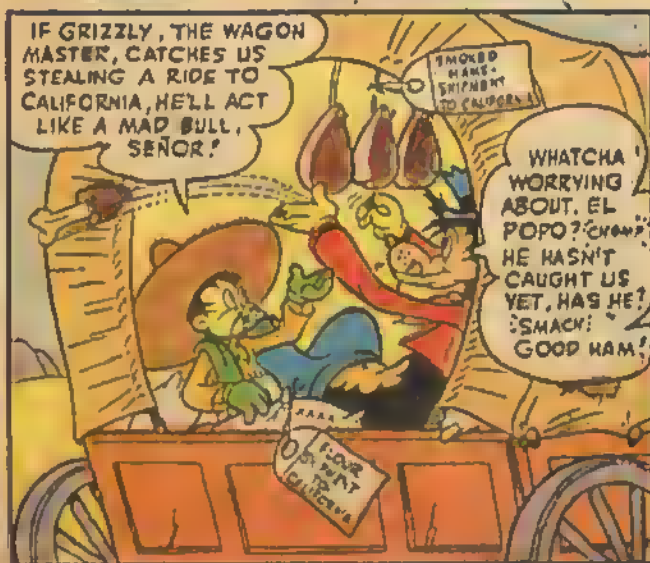
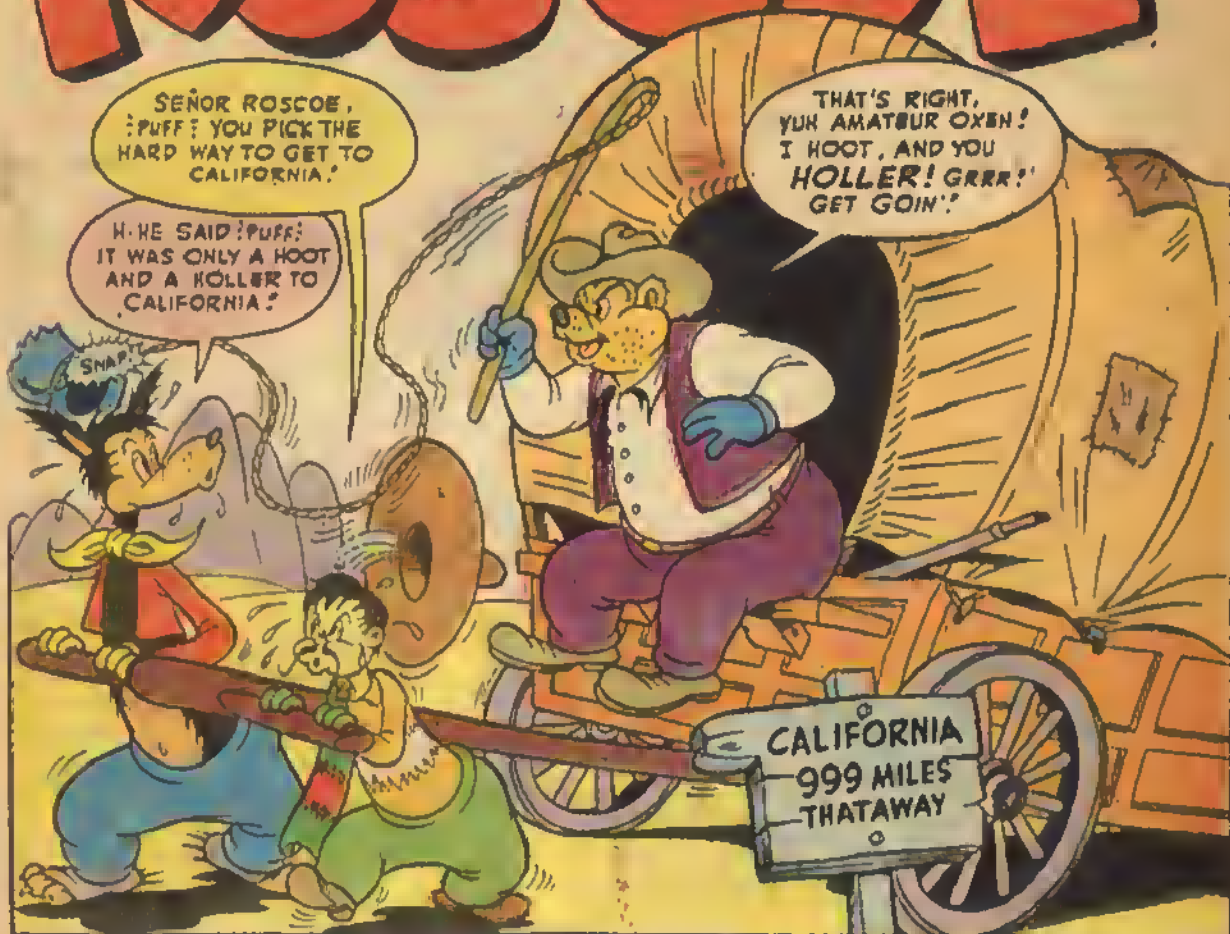


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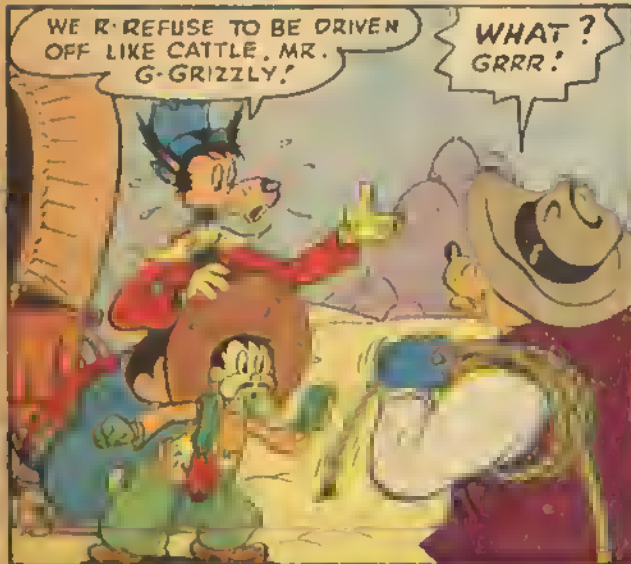
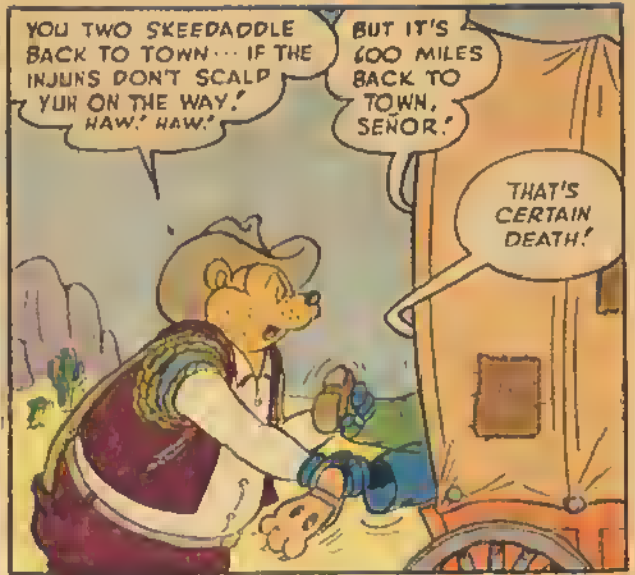




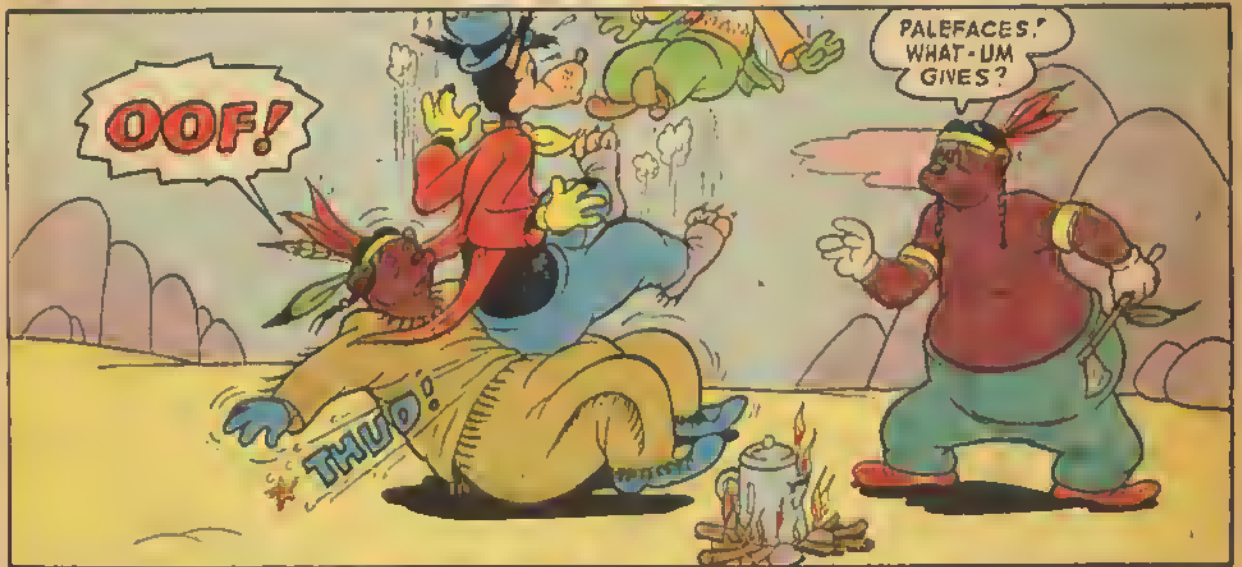
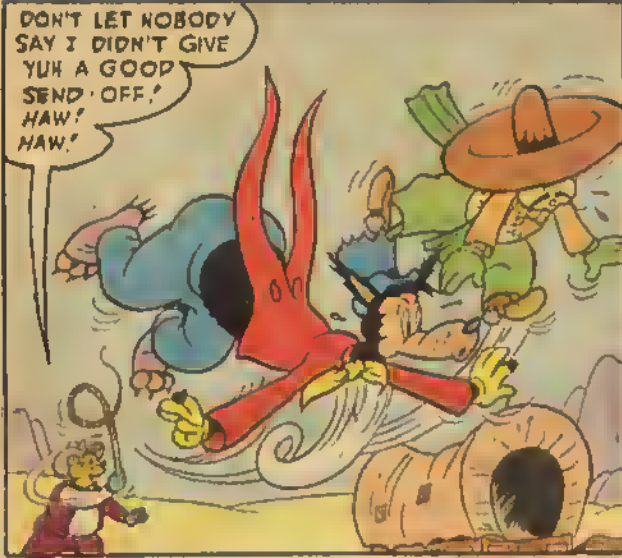
ROSCOE



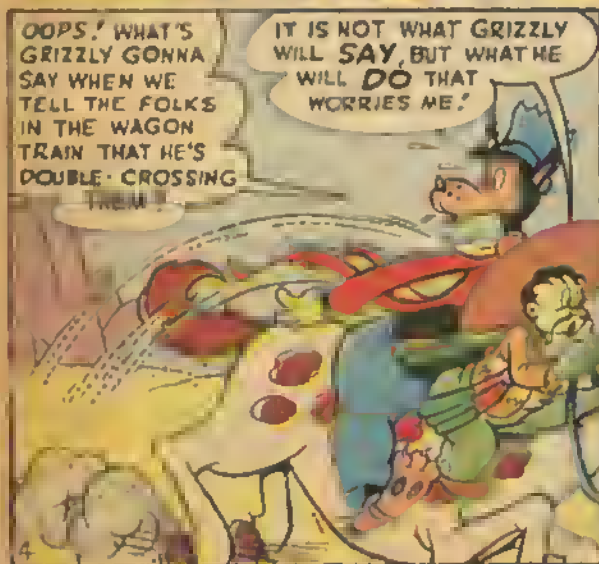
FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS



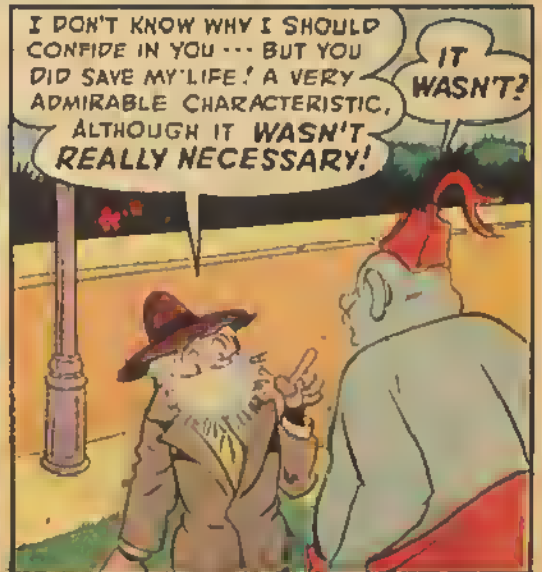
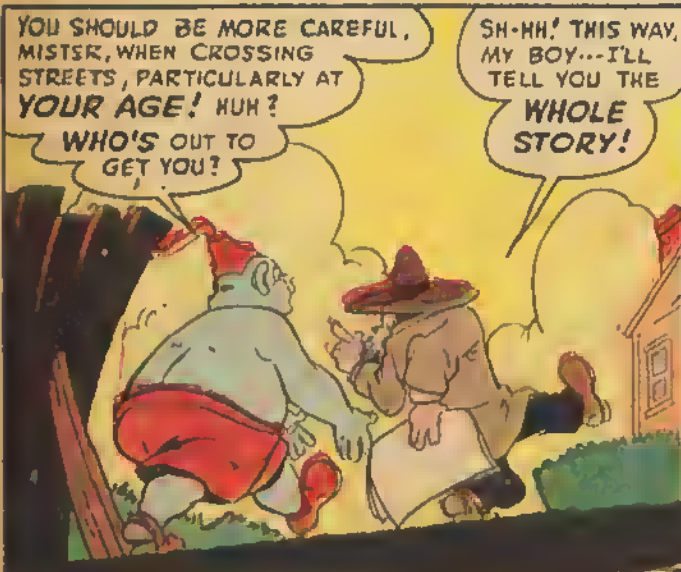
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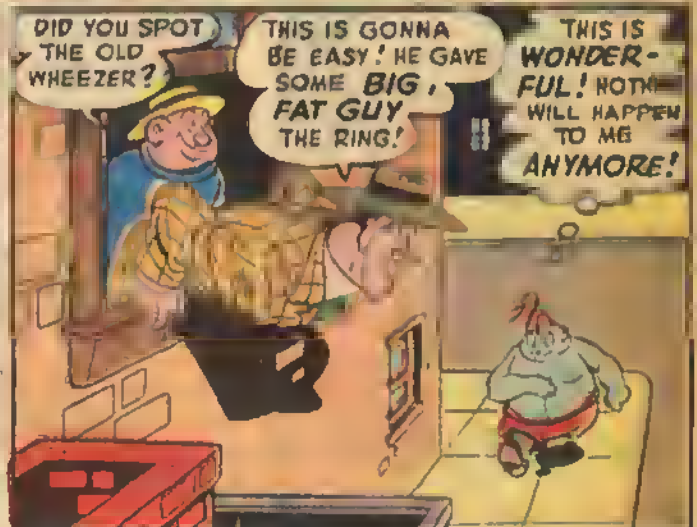
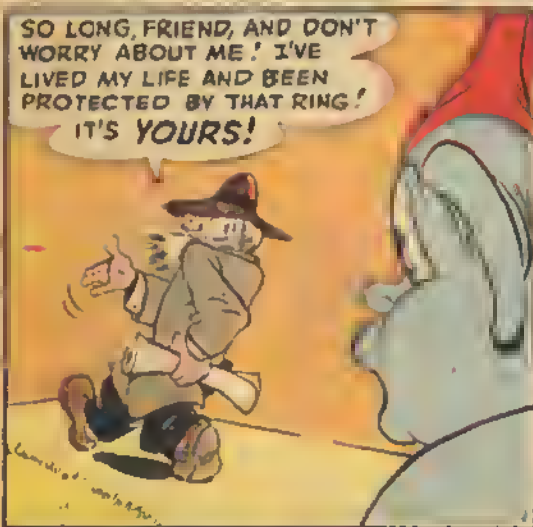
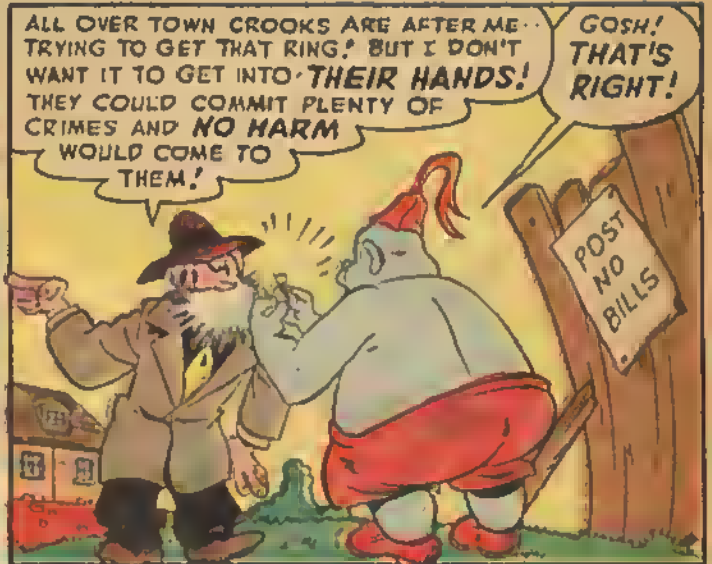
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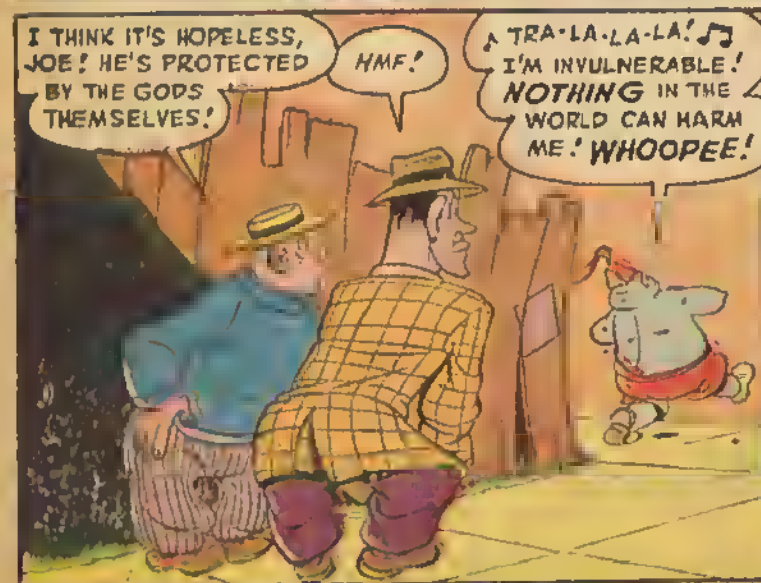
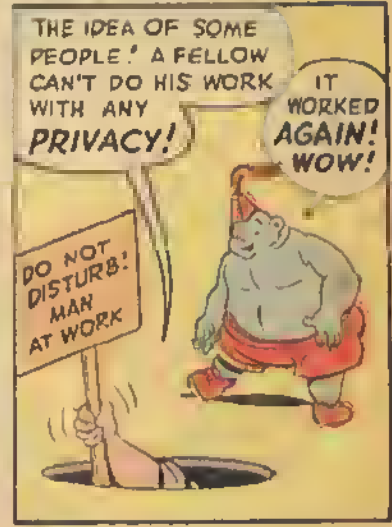
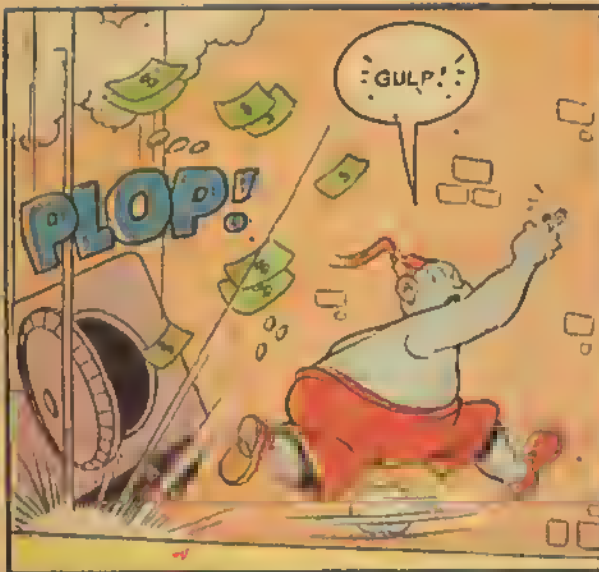


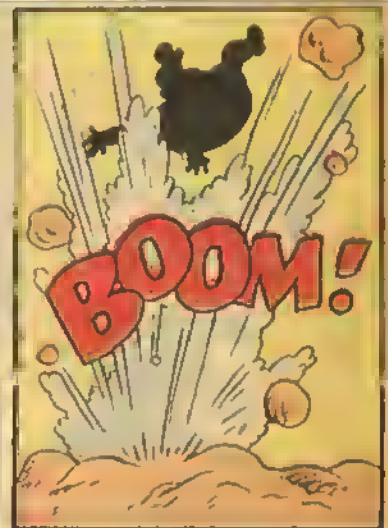
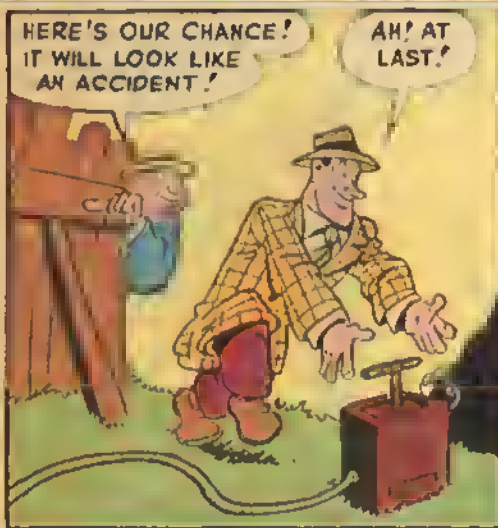
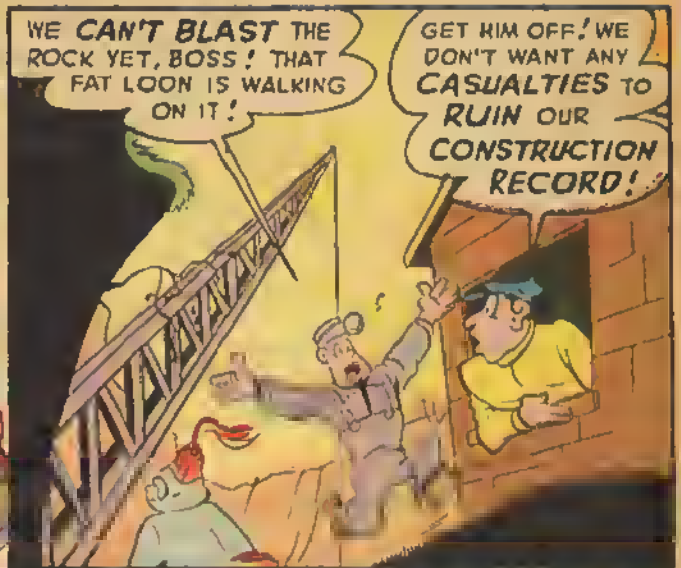
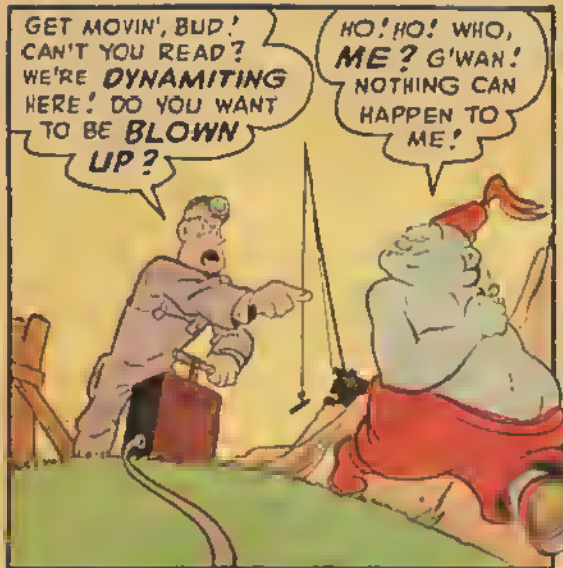
BLIMPY



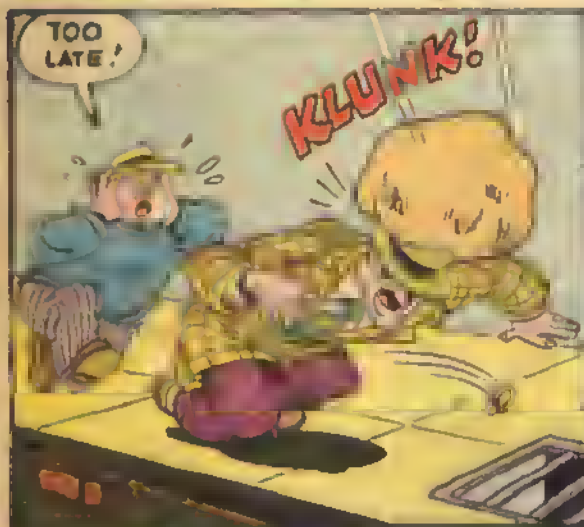
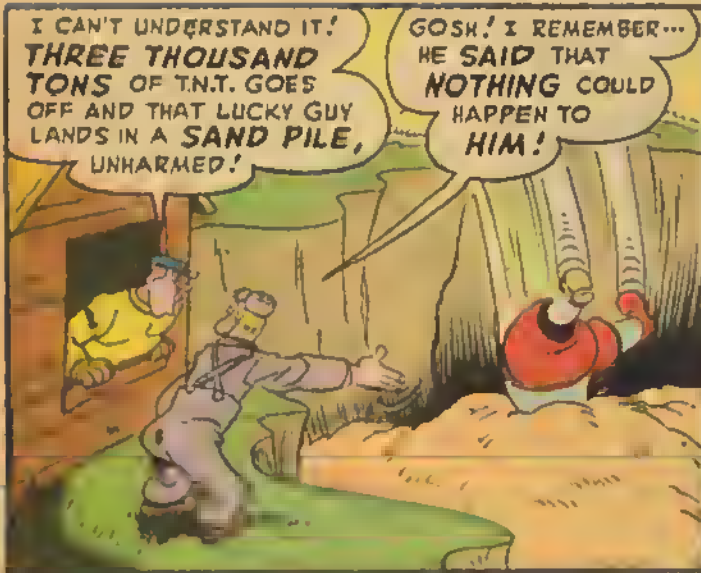
FEATURE COMICS







FEATURE COMICS



Rusty RYAN



COME ON, ALABABA! OUR ONLY CHANCE IS TO SWIM FOR IT!

NOT ME, RUSTY! I'D RATHER BE SHOT THAN GO DOWN THERE AGAIN!

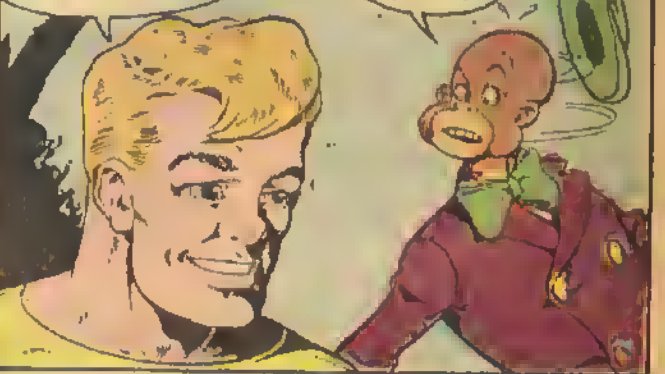
THIS LOOKS LIKE A PRETTY NICE ISLAND! SUPPOSE WE STICK AROUND FOR A FEW DAYS!

AND WHAT DO YOU PLAN TO DO WHILE WE'RE ASHORE, RUSTY?



NOTHING BUT RELAX AND ENJOY MYSELF! THIS IS GOING TO BE A VACATION FROM TROUBLE AND EXCITEMENT!

MAN, THAT'S WHAT AN LIKES! LOTS O' SUNSHINE AN' PEACE AN' QUIET AN'... GULP!



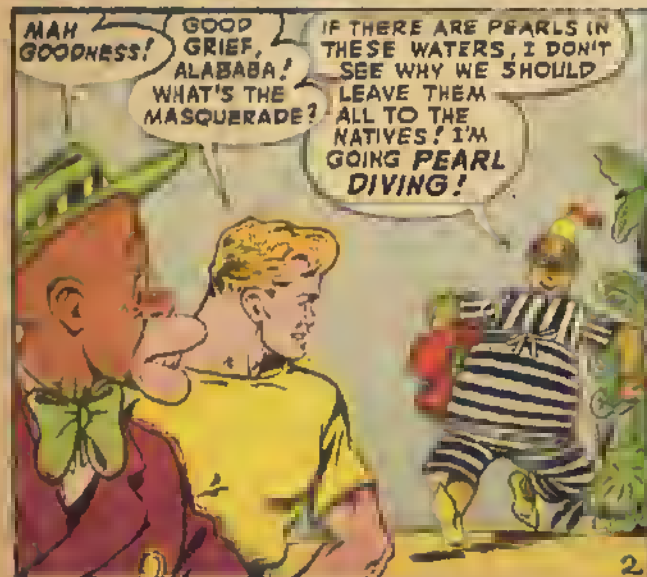
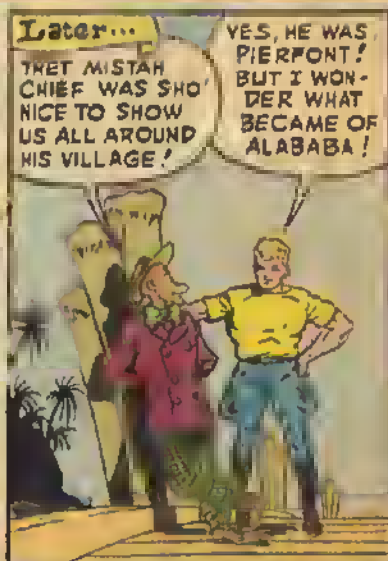
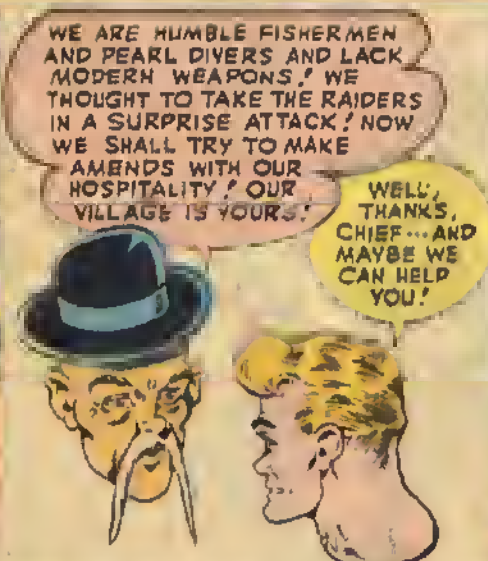
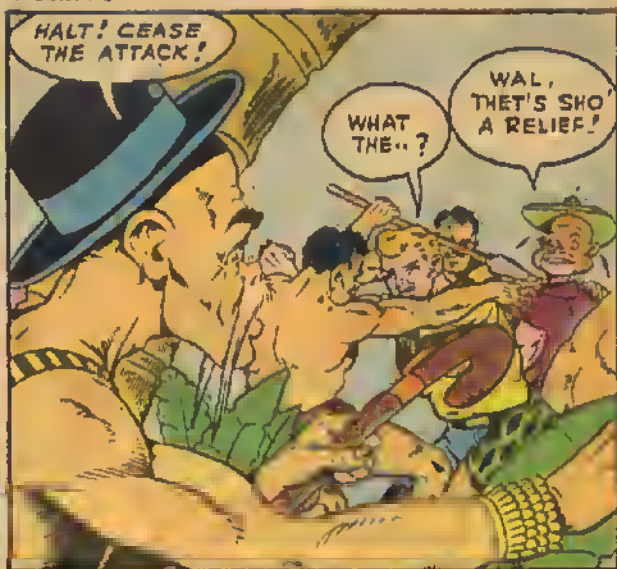
Rusty, Pierpont and Alababa thought they would take a little cruise through the South Seas... for pleasure.... but what they found was **DANGER**.... and plenty of it!

AH SPOKE TOO SOON!

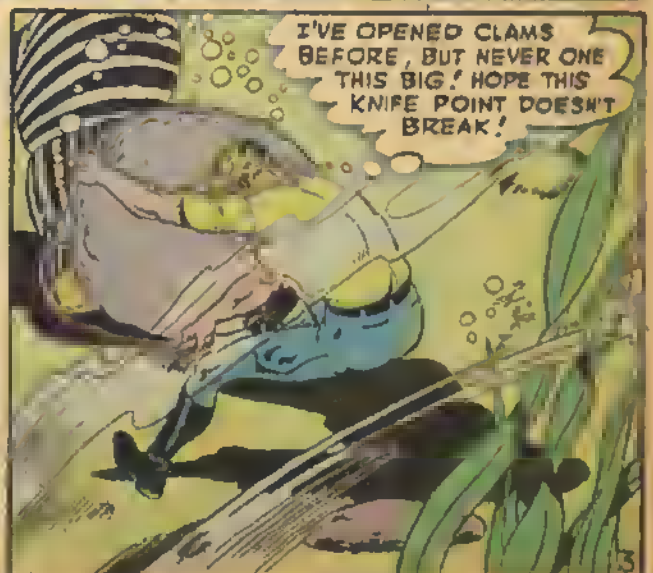
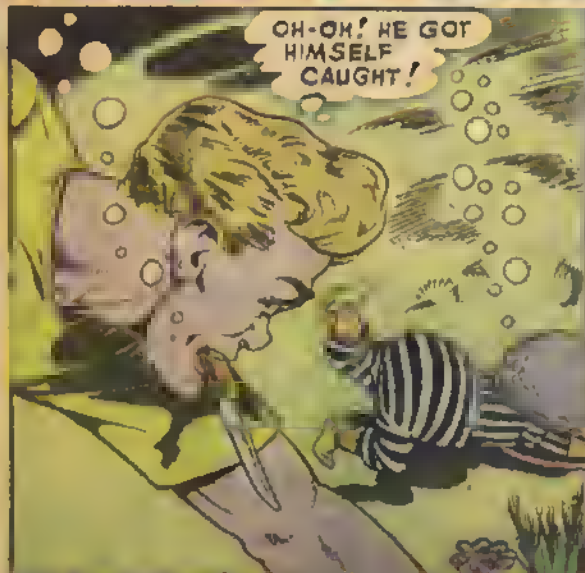
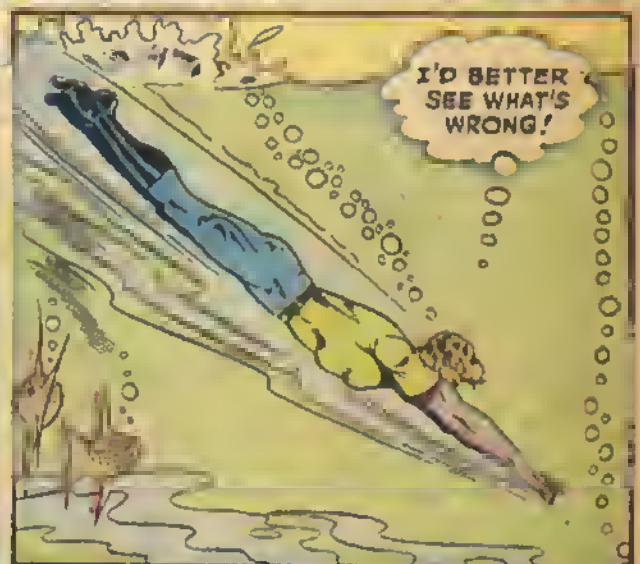
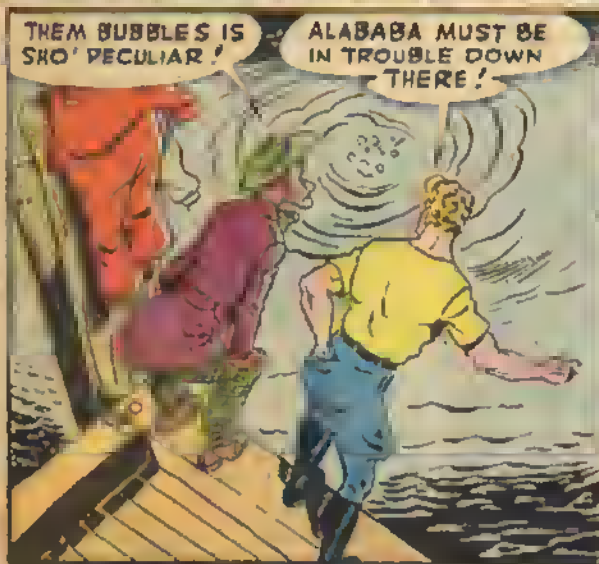
PIERPONT, YOU'RE A JINX!



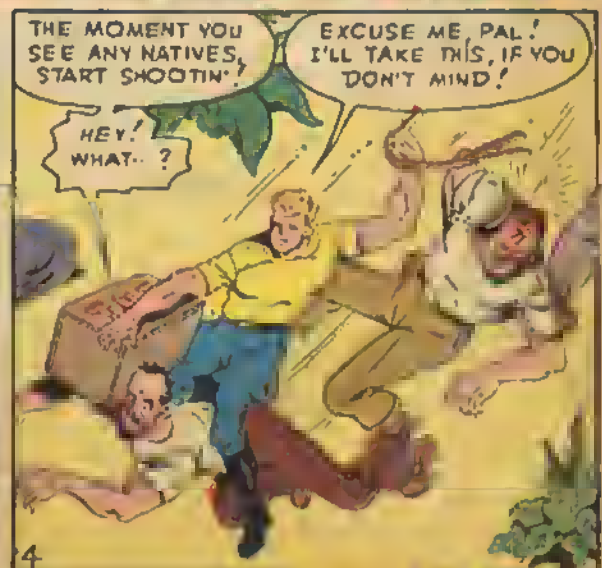
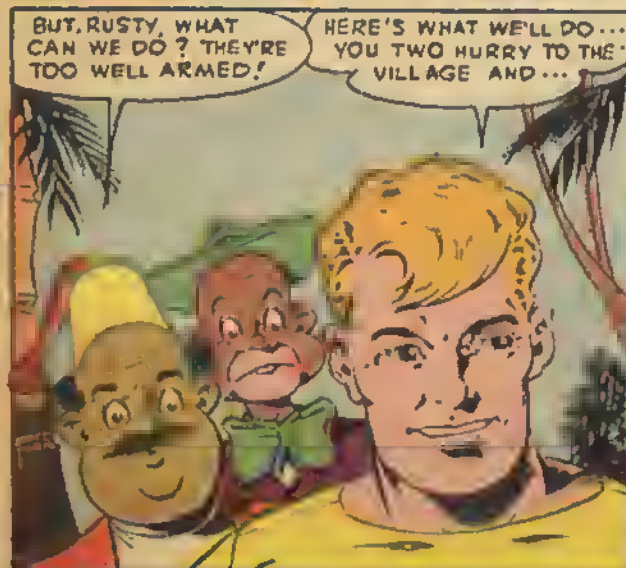
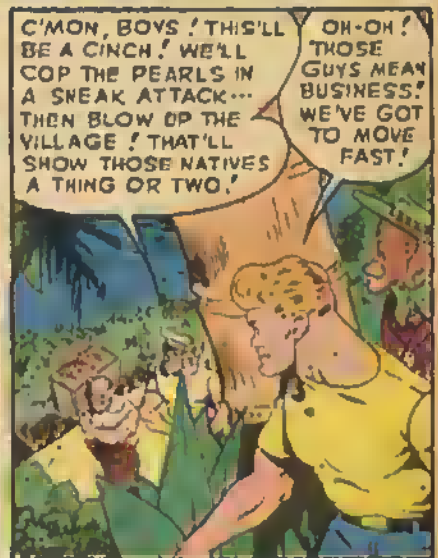
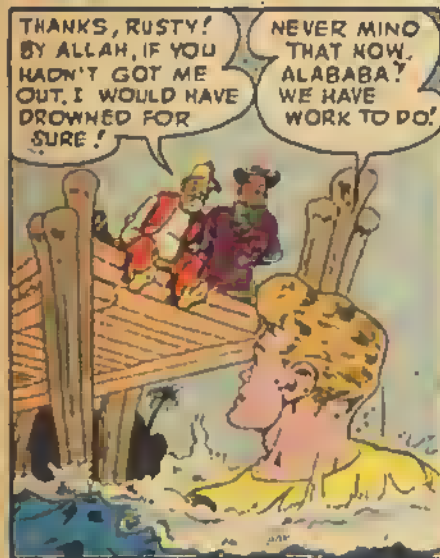
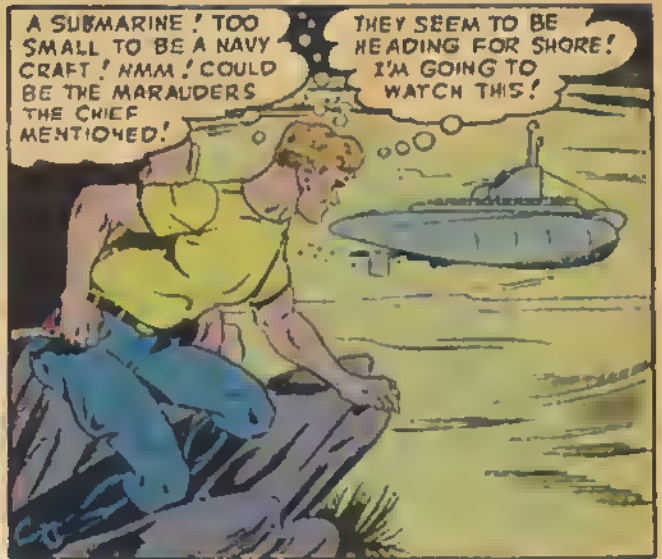
FEATURE COMICS

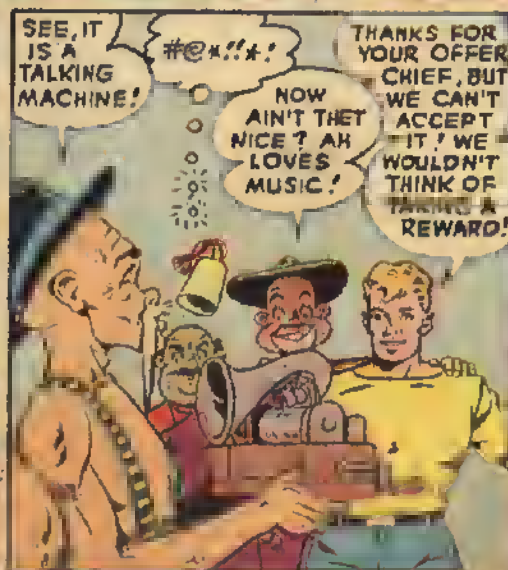
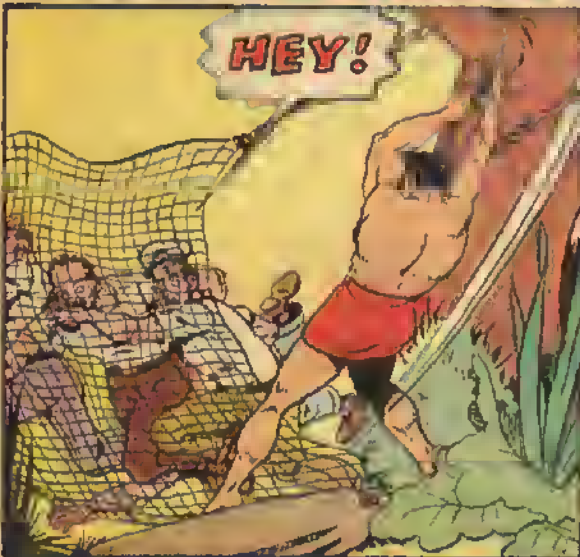
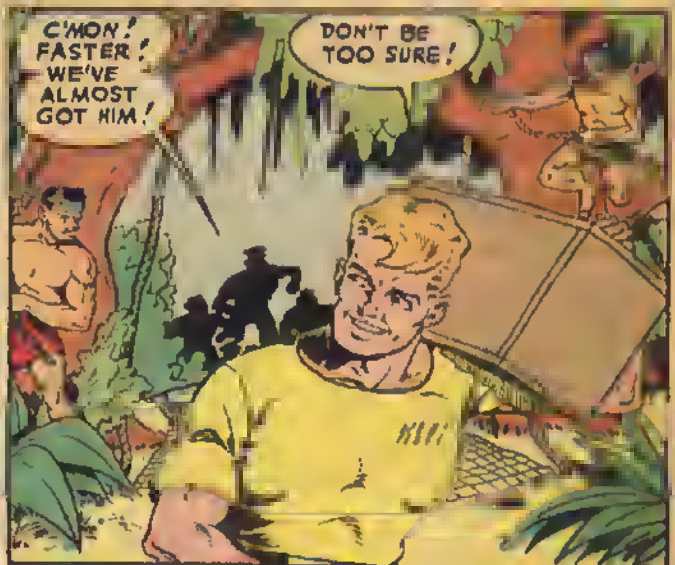


FEATURE COMICS



FEATURE COMICS





DEATH ON THE Rostrum

DARREL DANE had just stepped into his apartment office when the phone rang. He lifted the receiver. "Yes?"

"It's Martha, Darrel, something terrible has happened." Excitement of a great sort made the girl's voice shake. And Darrel knew, having known Martha a long time, that it took something big to cause such agitation in Martha Roberts.

"Calm," he said. "What is it? Where are you?"

"At U. N. Headquarters," Martha replied. "I've been covering some of the story for Acme News Service. Well, a few minutes after I got here, the representative from Algaria started speaking."

"Yes," said Darrel quietly when Martha paused.

"It was the uncanniest thing I ever saw," the girl went on. "This man—Legaire—had spoken only five minutes or so when he suddenly slumped down to the floor. He was stone dead when the police examined him a moment later."

Darrel considered. "But Martha," he said, "the man must've had heart trouble. That sounds—"

"No, Darrel, I'm enough of a nurse to know that. Heart cases always have a bluish look about the face, and their lips turn blue—Not any sign of that on Legaire."

"Then what is your deduction, Miss Sherlock?" he laughingly asked.

"Murder! Legaire was murdered in cold blood, that's what!"

"So what do you want me to do, honey?"

"Come right over here," Martha ordered.

"Okay, I'll be there in a jiff." Darrel hung up and drew a long breath. Girls! What they wouldn't think of. Especially girls bent on a career of writing for sensational publications.

There was still plenty of stu when Darrel arrived at the headquarters where the world's policies were to be determined, and war abolished for all time.

He ran into Martha immediately. She was looking angry.

"Where is he?" asked Darrel.

Martha pointed to a closed door just off the platform. Darrel stepped toward it, pushed it open and entered. The usual collection of police, coroner and others were grouped around the body.

The medical examiner was just getting up from the floor.

"I'd say it was a heart attack, except for certain lack of evidence," he told the room. He went on to state about the same things as Martha had pounded into Darrel's ear.

"I can't figure what killed the man," said the physician. "But an autopsy should disclose the cause of death." He closed his black bag and went out. The body was gathered up and carried to a waiting police ambulance. Darrel came back into the big auditorium and sat down beside Martha.

"Doc didn't know what killed him," he told Martha. "Said it wasn't heart trouble."

Martha gave him a look. "I told you that!"

Darrel nodded. "Maybe he just—died."

The girl snorted. "He was in perfect health, dope! No. Some one murdered him because he was going to tell secrets about some big men in Algaria. Pacts with enemy countries, or something."

Darrel pricked up his ears. "How do you know?"

Martha grinned slyly. "Oh, one in my profession just hears things, you know."

Half exasperated, Darrel demanded, "What?"

"Nothing you could put your finger on, but I heard that agents were after Legaire."

The public address system was announcing another speaker. This man, too, was an envoy from Algaria, taking the place of Legaire, who had not had time to make his address.

The second Algerian launched into a bitter denunciation of the foreign agents who had laid his friend and the friend of Algaria by the heels. And then, when he announced that he would carry out the exposing of certain high officials of that country, since Legaire couldn't—something happened to him.

"What's the matter with him?" Martha whispered to Darrel. "Looks as if he were sick."

Darrel jumped to his feet and made a dash for the platform. But before he got there the man tumbled and rolled across the floor, dropping over the edge of the stage.

It took only a glance to tell Darrel that this man had died by the same ghostly means as had Legaire.

All was hubbub instantly. The same thing enacted over again.

Darrel jumped to the platform and made a minute inspection of everything about the place where both men had died—the pulpit-like affair that held the microphones, inside it and out.

Nothing suspicious looking. He noted a small electric fan turning slowly at the side of the pulpit, making just enough air to fan the face of the speaker.

There were three mikes in a bank—all different radio stations. Darrel looked at all three very carefully. Nothing out of the way.

Then he remembered something. The small fan had stopped turning soon after the last man had taken his place; now it was turning again.

Sniffing, Darrel thought he detected an odd odor about the mikes, but wasn't sure. The wind from the fan carried it away. He shut it off.

It was then that he heard a tiny tapping under the floor of the stage.

He asked a policeman: "How do you get under this stage?"

The cop looked at him as if he thought he was a lunatic. He shrugged away the question.

"I mean it," snapped Darrel. "Is there a door anywhere?"

"Sure—it's way in the back some place. Why? Goin' down to catch rats?"

Darrel grinned. "Exactly!" And was gone into the room of death—where the second victim had been carried. The examination was over and the room was bare.

Quickly Darrel Dane shrank to the size of a small doll. He knew that he hadn't the time to find any rear door. So, calling upon the powers that resided in his unique body, he made himself into the mighty midget—The Doll Man!

He scurried out of the room and into the hall, hoping no big cats were about. He had seen a square piece of flooring about five inches long that had been removed to allow phone wires to go below. Without being seen, he dropped through the floor and found himself in pitch darkness.

He heard soft voices. Then he saw the pin-point glow of a tiny ash. Two men were working directly under the pulpit!

The Doll Man leaped close to them. They were carefully withdrawing a tiny rubber tube from somewhere above the floor. His eyes accustomed to the gloom now, The Doll Man saw that the tube led into a small satchel of unique design. He had seen that satchel perched on the knees of someone sitting out in front of the speakers' rostrum.

"Hold it!" he peeped in his reedy voice, instantly regretting that he'd spoken.

"What was that?" one of the men whispered.

"Rat," said the other one, busy at trying to draw the tube out.

The Doll Man became Darrel Dane there in the darkness. "Hold it!" he said again, this time in a deep enough tone.

The men whirled, clawing at their coat pockets. But Darrel, having no gun, landed a fist against one jaw, then tangled with the other. The noise of the battle was heard above and soon a puffing and pounding was drawing near. Two cops poked through the narrow door at the back, guns out.

"Quit it, you guys," ordered one. His flash beamed on, pinning Darrel Dane and the two men in the glare. "Hah!" grunted the cop. "Grab 'em, Kelley!"

Darrel was one of the "grabbed" ones until all three were hustled above and he was identified by Martha and Dr. Roberts, who had arrived late.

One of the policemen carried the satchel. "I guess they were tryin' to bomb the jern," he stated, shaking the satchel.

"No," said Darrel. "That case contains a bulb of cyanide gas, with a rubber tube connected to it. The other end of the tube goes up into one of those mikes."

A nice, diabolical plot to murder with deadly cyanide fumes. The two agents Darrel captured were not only murderers but known Axis operators.

BIG TOP

THAT'S THE SIXTH BOWL OF OATMEAL THAT APE'S TOSSED BACK TODAY! WE CAN'T GET HIM TO EAT!

THAT'S 'CAUSE YOU SOLD HIS GIRL FRIEND TO THE ZOO, BOSS!

BUT WE CAN'T LET SUCH A STAR ATTRACTION STARVE!

LOOK, BOSS! YOU KNOW HOW IMITATIVE APES ARE... IF YOU'D LET SOMEBODY SIT IN FRONT OF HIM ALL DAY JUST EATING BANANAS, SOONER OR LATER, HE'D COPY HIM!

OH, WHY, WHY CAN'T I KEEP MY BIG MOUTH SHUT?

AND KEEP EATING 'TIL HE GETS THE IDEA, D'YA HEAR?

An hour later...

HMPH... THREE DOZEN BANANAS!

Two hours and 200 bananas later...

AND STILL THAT STUPID APE WON'T IMITATE A THING I DO!

URP!
IT'S GOT ME!

HEY! WHAD'YA DOING TO MY APE?

HOOOO!

BIG TOP

BOSS: YOU'LL
THANK ME TO
YOUR DYING
DAY.' I THINK
I'VE CURED OUR
ANIMAL TRAINER
OF BEING AFRAID
OF HIS OWN
ANIMALS.'

THAT PANTY-
WAIST LION
TAMER
COULDN'T
LICK A CHIP-
MUNK, LET
ALONE TRAIN
A TIGER!

HE'LL BE OKAY
NOW, BOSS,
BECAUSE HE
JUST TOOK A
SPOONFUL OF
"BUCKUPO!"

WHAT IN
BLAZES IS
"BUCKUP?"

"BUCKUPO" IS
A MARVELOUS
HINDU TONIC
THEY GIVE TO
LAZY ELEPHANTS
THE SPOONFUL
O MAKE 'EM
WORK LIKE
DYNAMOS!

NAMP...
HERE
COMES
THAT
LION
TAMER
NOW!

LISTEN, YOU
FRAIDY CAT
FELINE TAMER,
I JUST PAID
\$5,000 FOR
A PRIZE LION
THAT YOU'RE
SCARED TO GET
IN THE SAME
CAGE WITH!

NOT ANY
MORE I
AIN'T, YOU
OLD FUZZ-
PHIZ!

AND WHAT'S MORE, YOU
FATHEAD SIMON LEGREE
SCROOGE, I WANT A
\$1,000 A WEEK
CONTRACT NOW!

BUT
WHAT
ABOUT
THAT
NEW
LION?

I JUST KILLED
THE SAP WITH A
SLAP IN THE PUSS!
YA'LL HAFTA GET
A NEW ONE!

YES! OW!
OKAY, LEMME
GO! HELP!

YOUR MAN, BUTCH,
GAVE ME A SWELL
TONIC, BANGS!
I JUST DRANK
HALF THE
BOTTLE!

AND YOU CAN
GIVE **ME** THE
OTHER HALF!

HI, BOSS!
HOW'D THAT
HINDU
Tonic
WORK?

YOU'LL SOON
FIND OUT,
YOU @* * *
2 *! ! *?!

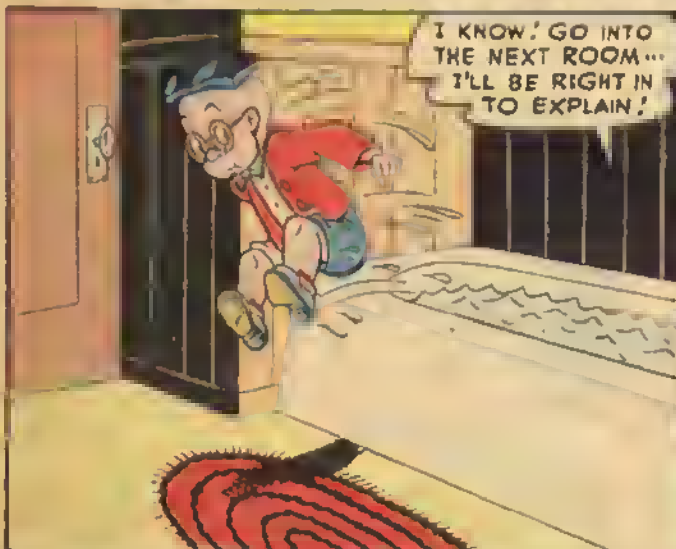
PERKY



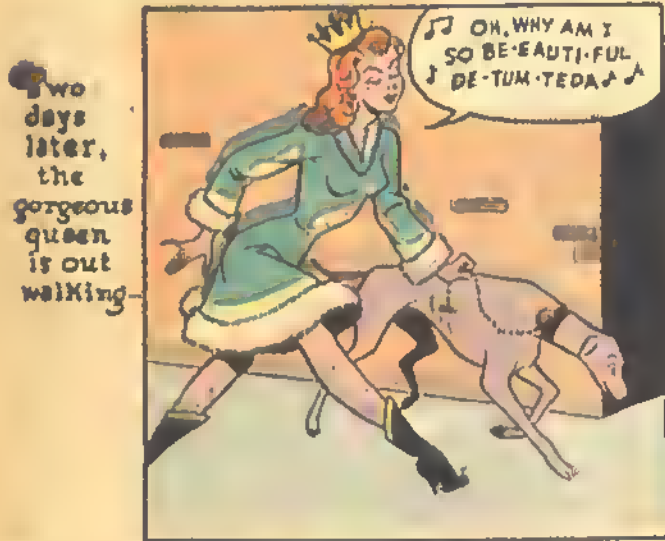
UGLY LAND! Hmm, not a person in sight! I dread to think what I'm going to find here!

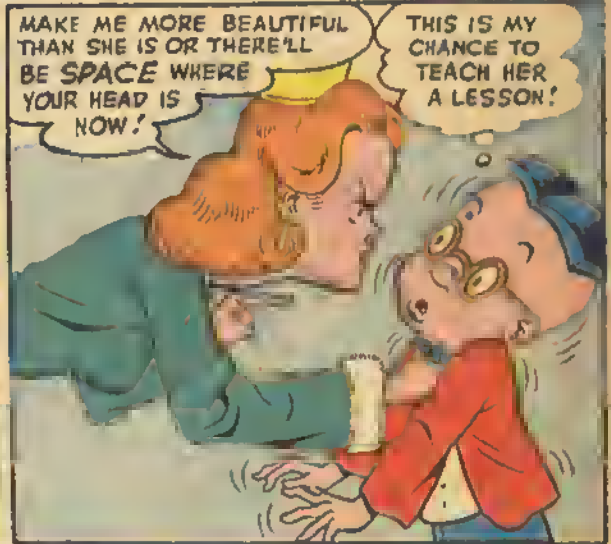
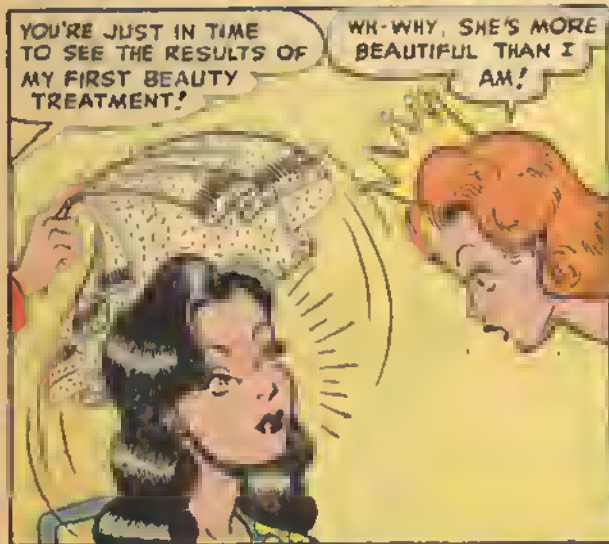
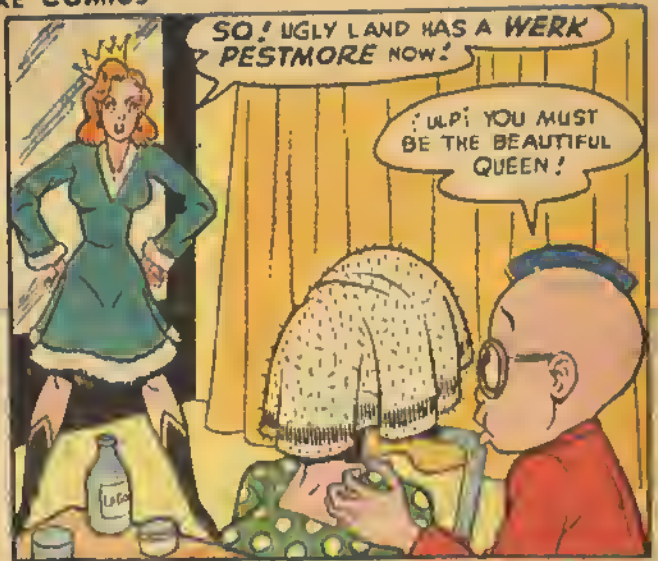
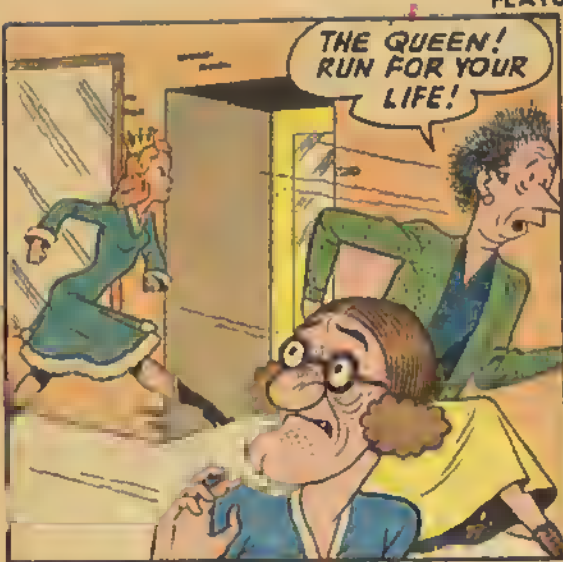


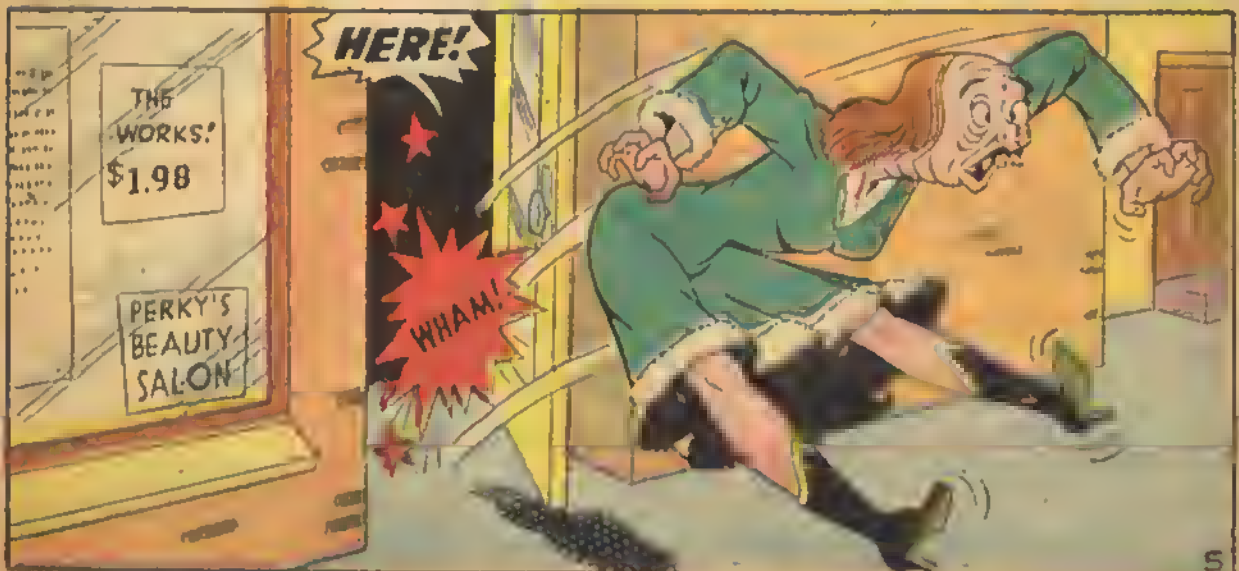
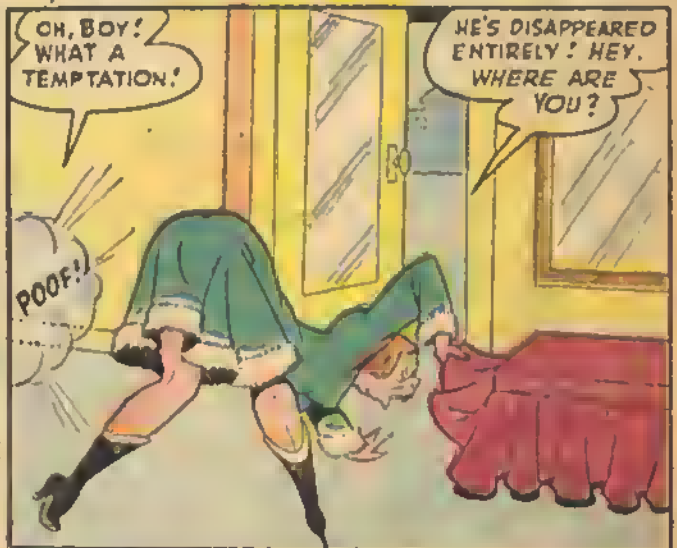
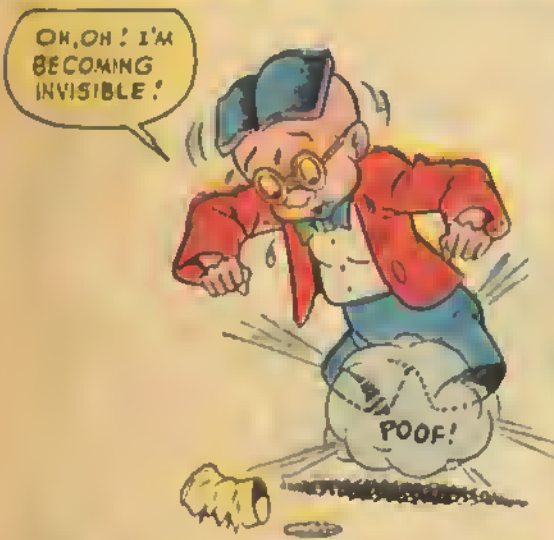
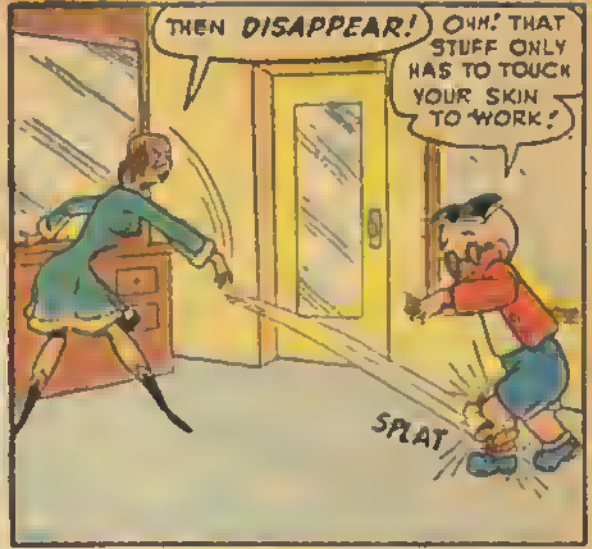
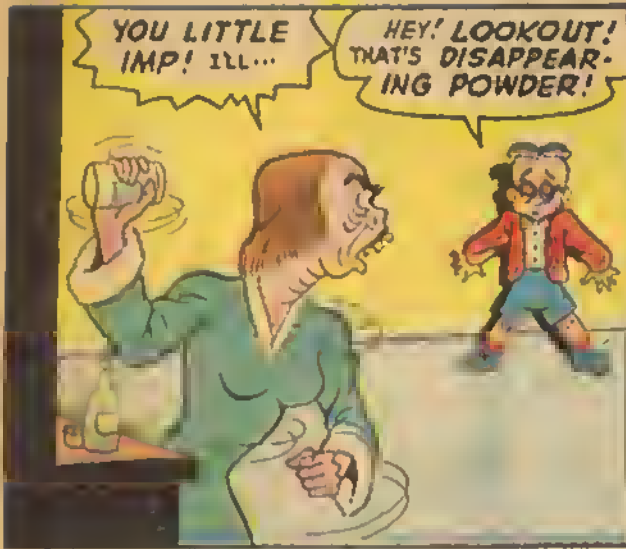
Perky's adventures in worlds beyond our own, that started when he stepped into a magician's vanishing box, continue! This time he goes to a land where the inhabitants are the homeliest people in the universe!



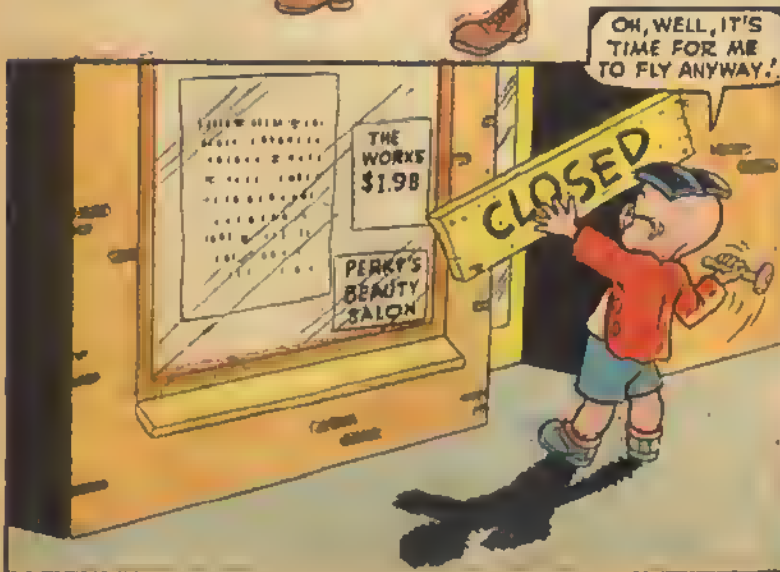
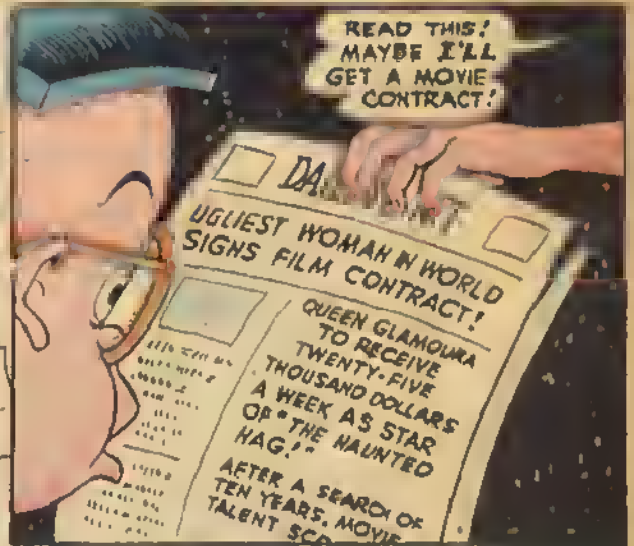
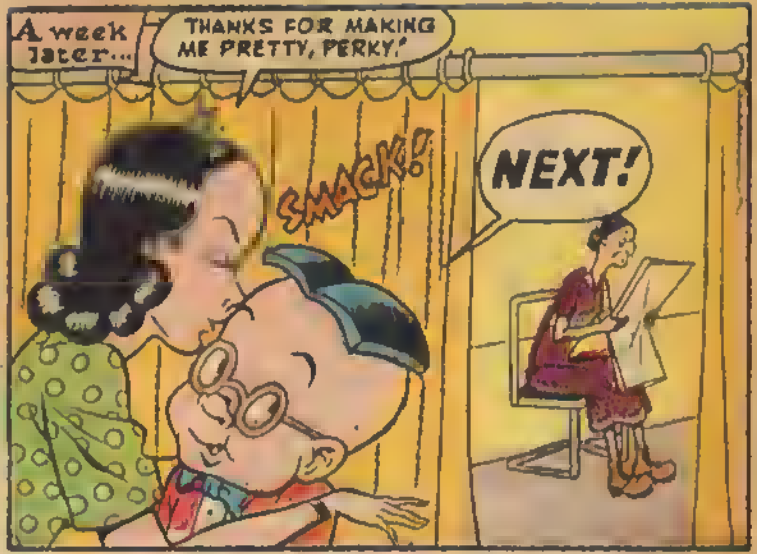
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FEATURE COMICS



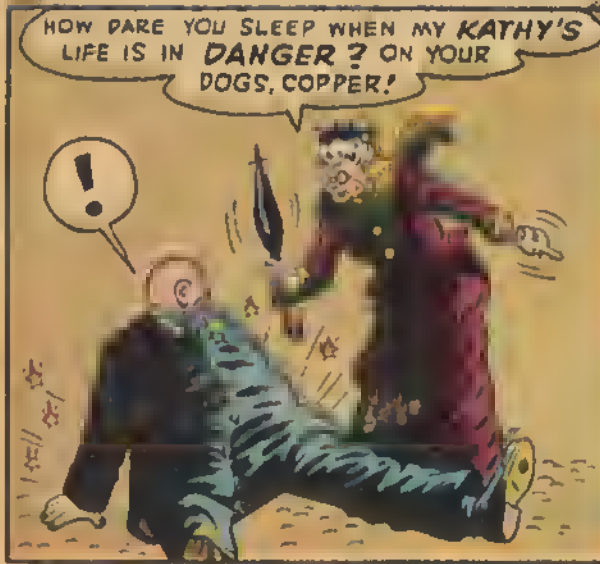
OFFICER SHENANIGAN

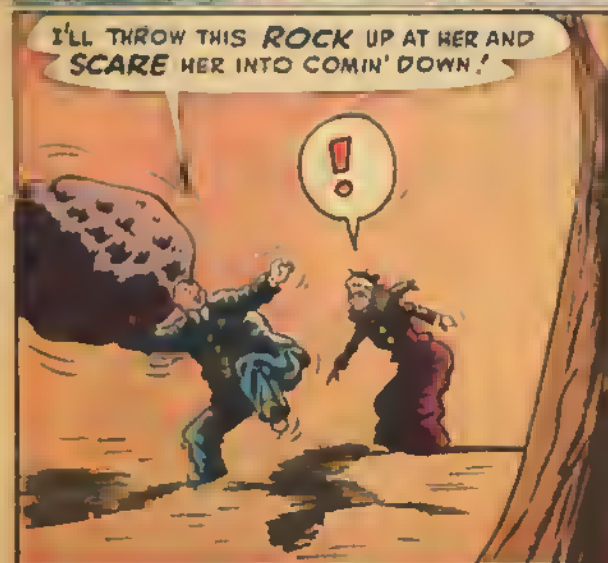


Nine slumberin' hours later...



FEATURE COMICS







**Our Biggest
Bulb Bargain**



AMAZING GET ACQUAINTED

TULIP OFFER

OUR FAMOUS HARDY PLANTING STOCK

Dozens of brilliant flaming colors in this Rainbow Mix Assortment . . . Darwin, Triumph, Breeder, and Cottage Tulips for remarkable low cost of less than 2¢ per bulb! Our prize selection of famous young especially selected strain and smaller because they are first and second year bulbs—1 3/4" to 2 3/4" in circumference. Satisfaction guaranteed or money back.

EXTRA

**12 DUTCH
IRIS BULBS**

A new extra! Free when you order our famous tulip assortment . . . we will send you 12 young Dutch Iris Bulbs extra and without additional cost! These gorgeous irises will give you a full ten tulips and blues that will make it the envy of your friends! All told this is an extra just for ordering your tulip assortment!

Selected by Dutch-American growers and inspected by the State Department of Agriculture. Will fill your garden with blazing color ranging from delicate pastel shades to bold flaming hues. **MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!**

ORDER NOW!

Send No Money!

Send no money to get this marvelous tulip bulb bargain! Just check which offers you desire and rush order today! Your tulip bulb assortment with extra Dutch Iris Bulbs will be sent you immediately in plenty of time for fall planting. When postman brings your package just pay amount is checked in coupon plus 1.00 D. postage. If you remit with order, we'll pay postage. If you don't feel that you have hit the bargain jackpot of the garden world, return the bulbs and receive your money back.

**100
BULBS
for \$1.69**

SPECIAL OFFER COUPON

Michigan Bulb Company, Dept. RR-1508
Grand Rapids 2, Michigan

Send order checked below. I will pay postman on arrival of package in time for fall planting plus postage on guarantee that I may return if not satisfied and get full refund.

- ☐ 100 1st and 2nd year old Tulip Bulbs with 12 Dutch Iris Bulbs extra \$1.69
- ☐ 100 Exhibition Tulips with 12 Dutch Iris Bulbs extra \$1.98
- ☐ 12 Evergreens each 2 years old or older \$1.00
- ☐ 10 Chrysanthemum Plants with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra \$1.69
- ☐ 20 Lily Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra \$1.94
- ☐ 20 Holland Crocus Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra \$1.69
- ☐ 12 King Alfred Daffodil Bulbs with 3 Ranunculus Bulbs extra \$1.49
- ☐ 33 Perennials—11 popular varieties \$1.94
- ☐ Send C.O.D. (I pay postage)
- ☐ Remittance enclosed (Michigan Bulb pays postage)

Other Delightful Flower Bargains!

Chrysanthemums . . . New CUSHION MIM. Young vigorous plants which will fill your garden with spectacular beauty. Assorted colors . . . **\$1.69**
10 plants . . .

Lilies . . . Our hardy improved strain makes it easy for you to grow beautiful stately lilies. 10 varieties to make a color riot during the entire summer . . . 20 bulbs **\$1.94**

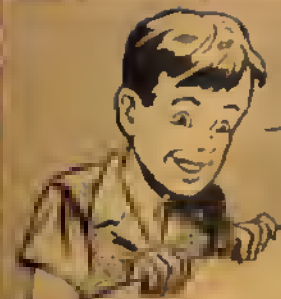
MICHIGAN BULB CO., D-1 RR-1508 GRAND RAPIDS 2, MICH.

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ADDRESS _____

CITY _____

ZONE _____ STATE _____



Oh! Boy—the New LIONEL Catalog is a Honey!

See the most wonderful trains in the world! Read all about the magic of Electronic Control! See the new smoke puffing device—so real and life-like. Read about the two-toned real railroad whistle—that can be operated by remote control!



No. 2124W "O" Gauge
Passenger Outfit



No. 3122WS "W" Gauge
Work Train Outfit

SMOKE!
Whistle!
ELECTRONIC CONTROL!

SWIFT GIANTS OF THE RAILS

It's out of this world, fellows!—the fun you can have with LIONEL trains. Boy! are they swift and powerful—and scale detailed to look just like the real ones! Powerful precision motors—smoke-puffing Locomotives—and wait till you hear the whistle! To get all the details in full color pictures—send 10¢ for the catalog now.

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4-1/2" Penn. Electric Locomotive (with
realistic horn), 3 No. 2623 Buila Pull-
man Cars, 8 sections DC Curved Track,
3 Sections OS Straight Track, 1 PCS
Remote Control Train, 1 CTC Locomotive
1 No. 187 Horn Controller \$60.00

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Steam Turbine Locomotive (with smoke
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2459 Automobile Dump Car, 3 No. 2461
Transformers, 8 sections DC Curved
Track, 1 No. 2420 Whistle-Cube with
Search Light, 8 sections DC Curved
Track, 3 Sections OS Straight Track,
1 PCS Remote Control Train, 1 CTC
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WRIST WATCH

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"Targeteer"
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This swell outfit includes big air pistol, shot and complete target set. Sell one order plus 75c extra.



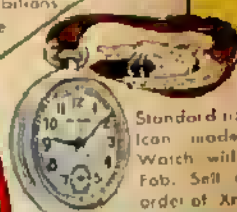
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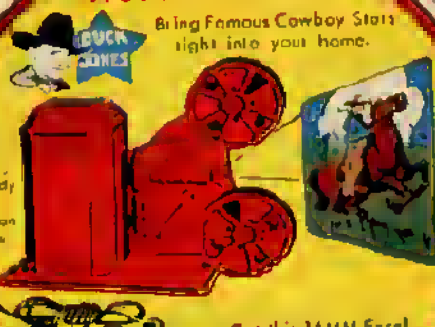
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Bring Famous Cowboy Stars right into your home.



Get this 16MM Excel Projector, including cord and 50 ft. of Cowboy film. All given. Sell one order plus \$3.50 extra.

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Full size Comb, Brush and Mirror—beautifully decorated. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



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Given for selling only one order.

Pan and Pencil Set



Four-tain pen with matching automatic pencil. Sell one order.

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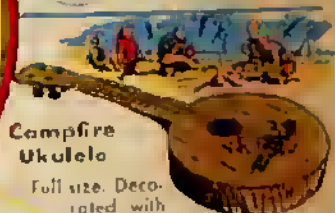
Port and pretty in her sweetheart gown. Sell one order of Xmas Packs.



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Ball Bearing Roller Skates for Boys and Girls. Sell one order plus \$1.00 extra.



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All Metal Cap Pistol with genuine leather Holster and Belt. Sell only one order.



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Name _____

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City _____

State _____

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